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K. 36.

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This diagram shows the invisible extension of the ordinary leather stiffener you can feel in any shoe. This extension prevents the instep dropping.

This makes a shoe just as light and easy as the ordinary sort, but so much more comfortable, so much less tiring for little feet, and so very much better for their development.

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This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

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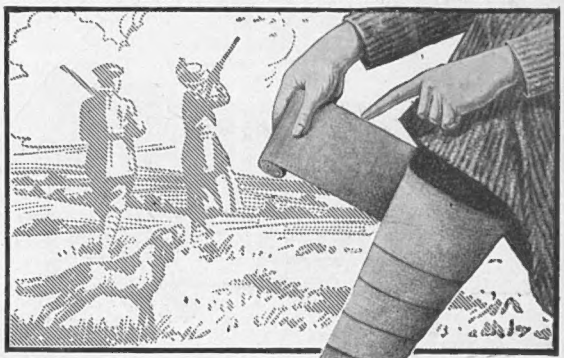

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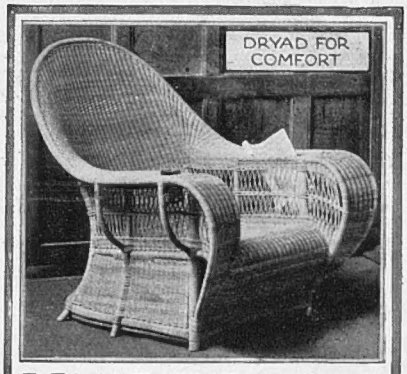

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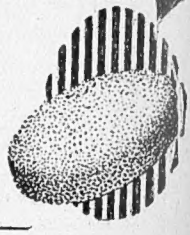

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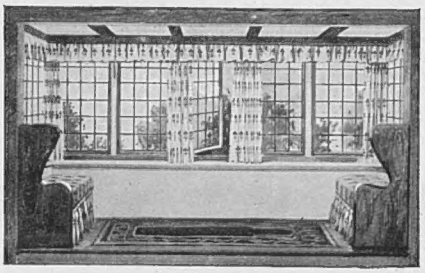

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In pure silk Georgette. In Pink, White, Yellow, Mauve, Sky, Coral and Black.

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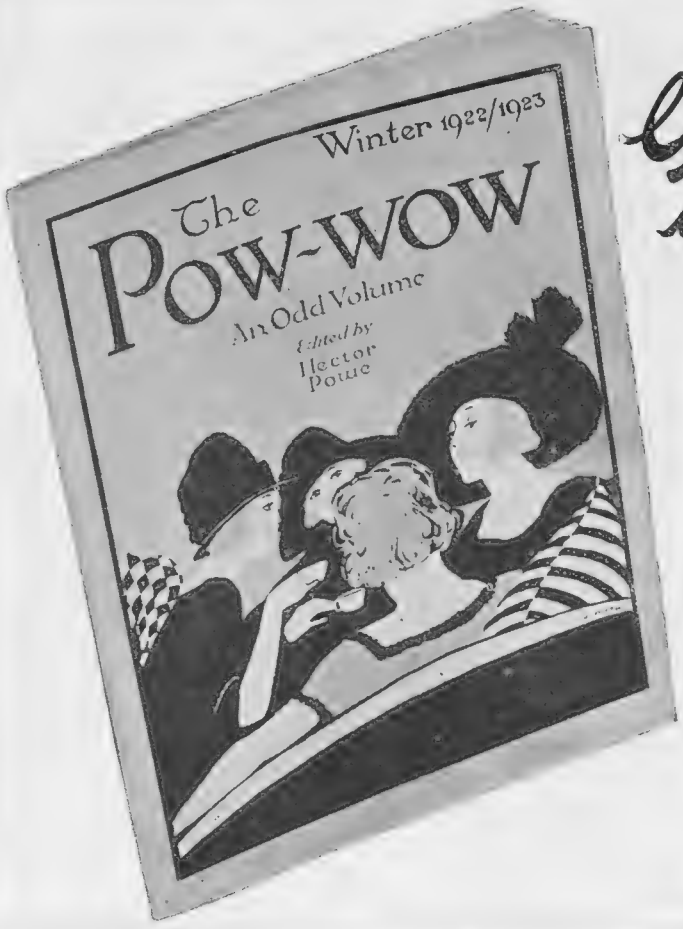

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The Bystander, October 18, 1922 No. 985. Vol LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!"

THE "WILD, WILD WORLD": "Go away, Mr. Policeman Bull, don't you interfere with me—I'm on "BOBBY" Cecil's beat now!"

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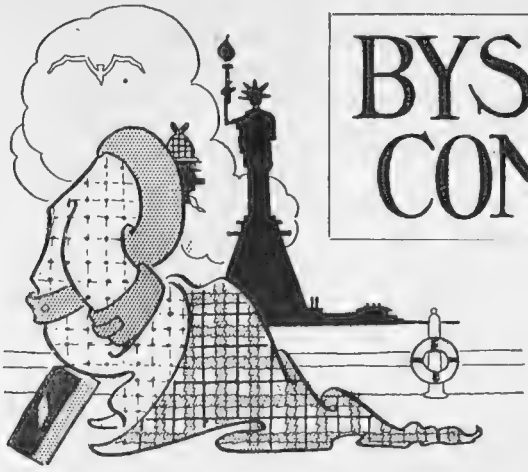


Early Efforts

WHENEVER famous persons die we are asked to register surprise because their first job of work was poorly paid. Of the late Marie Lloyd we read that her first appearance was paid for at the rate of half-a-crown a performance. But, surely, the work of beginners is always poorly paid. Your famous Judge must, of necessity, have sat in his chambers waiting for the briefs which do not shower upon fledglings of the law. And so with your great engineers, your authors, and others. When I am dead, you may write of me that my first published verse brought me in the customary half-crown. But don't make a grievance of it! Say that I was surprised and delighted to get it. Odd, also, that it was more than the verse was worth!

Boys of the Old Brigade

TALKING of Marie Lloyd—that wonderful artiste, now happily safe from all earthly vicissitudes—have you noticed how the old boys have been disporting themselves in the memory of those golden days when variety *was* variety and songs *were* songs. Only the old boys can remember the tune of "Twiggy Voo" or the words of "Wink the Other Eye," and, consequently, they have been in great demand, bless their hearts. Personally, I love the old Brigade, and I like to see them sharing in the limelight of these later days when we have to rub along in spite of the fact that nothing is quite so splendid as it used to be.

Inordinate Ways

EVIDENTLY they read their BYSTANDER down Eastbourne way. My bitter plaint about the old ladies who crowd into smoking compartments has resulted in a proposal to put into the single-deck motor-buses of those parts notices to the effect that smoking compartments are primarily for the use of male passengers. But what of the lady-smoker? Will she be forced to ride on the roof? After all, women *do* smoke. Even the Vicar of Carleton has noticed the fact, for, in his parish magazine, he refers to village maidens—let us hope they are from neighbouring towns—who give themselves an immodest gait, smoke cigarettes and behave in all kinds of inordinate ways.

Powder Puffs

FOLLOWING hot on the heels of this earnest cleric, we have the Marquess of Tavistock, who complains that girls spend good money on powdering their noses "to make them that shade of blue which they appear to think becoming." This is a hard saying, but I would rather the money was spent on face-powder than on the sort of powder which burns on the battlefields of the Near East and makes British taxpayers feel blue all over.

The Dry Atlantic

ALL this talk about American cranks turning our ocean greyhounds into camels and making Atlantic travellers go without a drink for five days, is the droughty limit. All very well in fine weather, of course, but what will happen when the stormy winds do blow? I can only suppose that the smoking-room will be turned into a surgery, and that the doctor will stand behind the bar, with all sorts of familiar remedies close at hand. Then, when we guess the ship's "run" aright we shall split a half bottle with him to bring our pulse back to normal.

Romance Is Dead

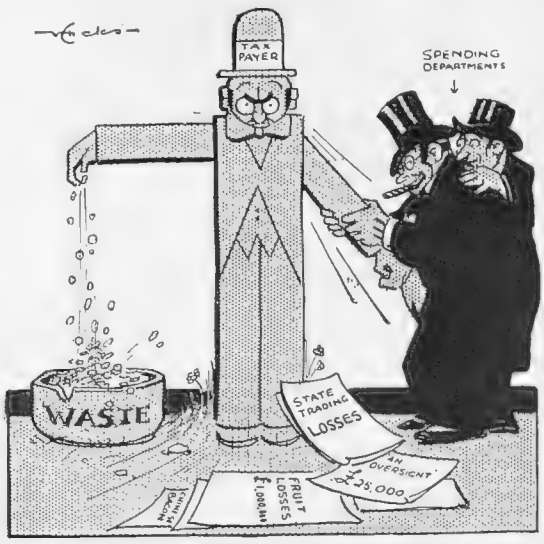
ROMANTIC opera received a hard knock when it transpired that a Balkan prince is anxious to arrange a marriage of convenience with an American

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

heiress, in order to reduce his overdraft at the bank. This sort of thing is all wrong, and we shall have to arrange for Prince Boris to visit one of the several plays now running in the West End. There he will see exactly what is expected of him. Let him take a leaf out of the prompt book of Prince Bertram Wallis or Prince Harry Welchman, and conduct his love affairs on really regal lines. Failing this, we shall have to alter our romantic operas, and that would never do.

The Essence of Tragedy

When the Grand Guignol people revived *At the Telephone*, a bright little play in which a man hears his wife being murdered fifty miles away, I felt that the depths of tragedy had been plumbed. But now comes the story of the Coastguard—one of the last of a fine race—who watched, through a telescope, while a pleasure yacht was capsized two miles from shore. The essence of this sort of tragedy is the essence of the nightmare in which our feet are chained while unnamed horrors are happening just out of arm's reach. I am thankful that I was not that Coastguard on Hayling Island!



By Victor Hicks

PERHAPS THEY'LL MISS THE WATER WHEN THE PUMP RUNS DRY

Sensation!

A film critic has been complaining that the superlative is being over-worked, every new picture being stupendous or marvellous—or both. But can the newspapers afford to throw a brick in this particular glasshouse? Time was when the word "Sensation!" on a contents bill heralded the death of a king or the fall of an empire. Nowadays it means little more than the fall of a wicket. We shall have to start a new verbal currency.

Exit the Café Royal

I have spent some interesting evenings at the Café Royal. The scene on the night that war was declared was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, for, at that period, the *clientèle* consisted of excitable Frenchmen and equally volatile Bohemians. These two sections acted upon one another like the white and blue packets of a seidlitz powder, and considerable effervescence resulted. Most of the patrons were standing on tables and the *Entente Cordiale* was cemented with much clinking of glasses. On the night that the first German bomb dropped in London I tried to glean particulars from one of the waiters. "I cannot say," he replied. "You see, I have my customers!"

By W. F. Blood

"SUNK WITHOUT T(H)RACE!"

A Suicide Policy

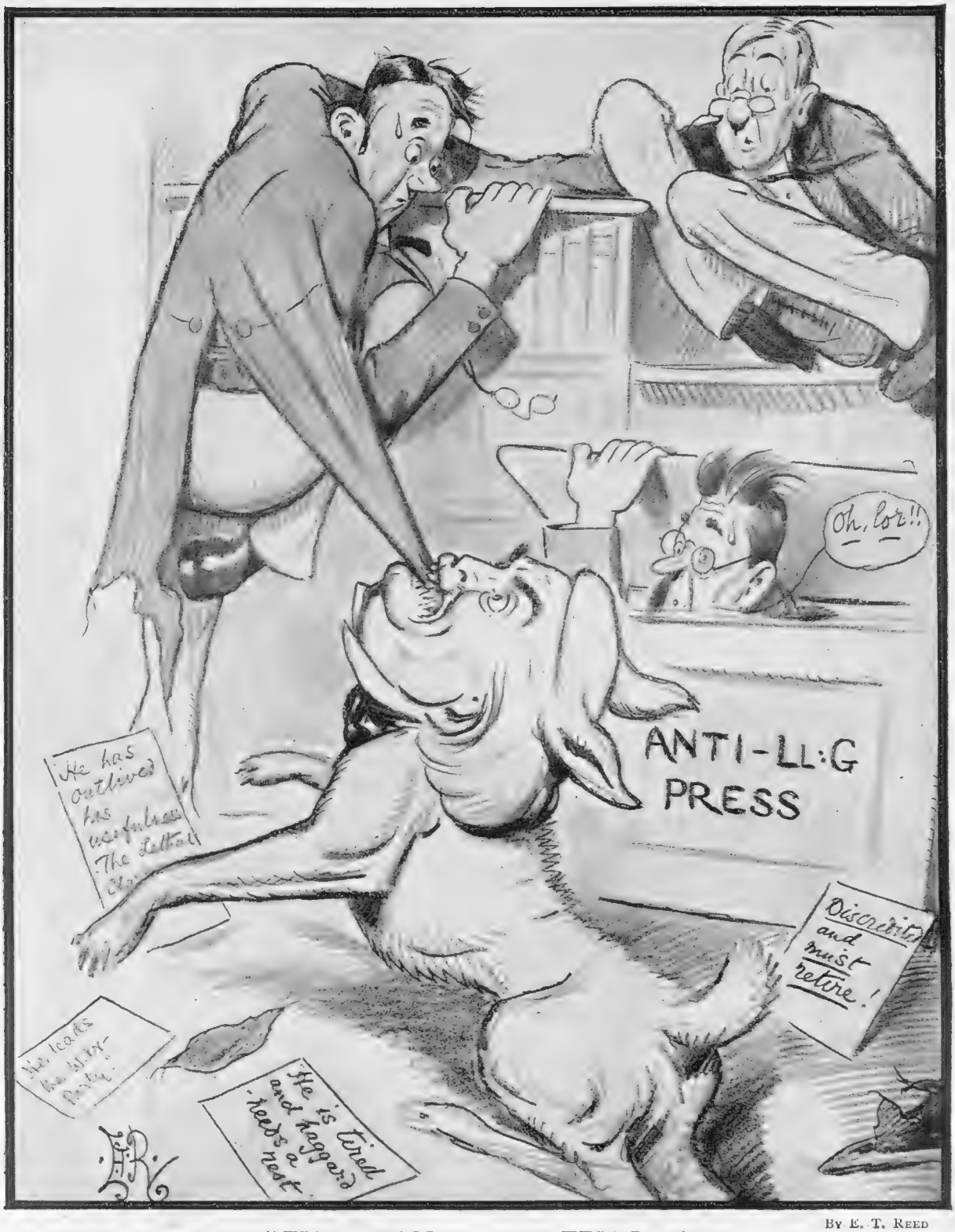
The first policy covering the risk of suicide has just been issued, and those of us who are tired of this world, which, as a famous Statesman nearly said, is only fit for heroes to live in, can pass out of it in the happy knowledge that our wives will draw the insurance money. When Monckton Hoffe wrote his play, *The Little Damozel*, he assumed that there were several companies already handling this class of business, and his ingenious third act depended entirely on that assumption. The new policy has come just in time, for I hear that *The Little Damozel* is to reappear in musical comedy garb at an early date. The third act will now be founded on the great rock of truth.

A Splendid Soul

What a splendid fellow that was who, being summoned for begging, said to the magistrate: "Why should I beg? I have sevenpence in money, some tobacco, and a box of matches. What more can a man want?" My morning paper, which skilfully avoids the essentials of life, does not tell me what happened to this joyous knight of the road. Was he sent to prison as a rogue and a vagabond? Did they take his sevenpence by way of a fine, or did the magistrate do the obviously right thing—give him fivepence out of the poor box to make the sevenpence up to a shilling? If his Worship of Willesden reads The Bystander I wish he would tell me.

Father Gets Serious

How many more children will be killed before the railways are compelled to abolish the sliding catch on the doors of railway carriages. The cunning little device is a direct invitation to meddlesome fingers, and it is impossible to guard against the resulting danger. Certain railways have wisely refused to have anything to do with these death-traps, and the sooner they are done away with the



By E. T. Reed

"THE MANCHESTER TERRIER"

Gets, for once, in among his detractors in the Press, and disperses some of their favourite and industriously disseminated works of fiction. (We trust that their garments are insured)

better. Dear me, how serious we are getting all at once. It's easy to guess he's a father!

The Smith Family

THE production of this new play at the Empire has brought the fine old English family of Smith into the limelight. I once paid a visit to the ancestral home of the Berkshire branch of the family. It wasn't much to look at, consisting as it did of a large flat stone placed on three uprights, but its antiquity was beyond all possible doubt. This particular Mr. Wayland Smith was a farrier by trade, and when King Alfred carved the white Horse on the hill above Uffington to celebrate his victory over the Danes his business had already been established a long time. I should be interested to hear if he is likely to be the head of the family. Perhaps some reader of THE BYSTANDER will oblige!

Viscount Folkestone and His Bride at Babraham Hall

Photograph *Bassano*

Viscount Folkestone, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, of Longford Castle, Salisbury, and Miss Helena Olivia Adeane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adeane, of Babraham Hall, after their marriage at St. Peter's, Babraham, Cambridgeshire, last week. The bridesmaids were the bridegroom's four sisters—Lady Katherine Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Elizabeth Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Margaret Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie, also Miss Olivia Wyndham, the bride's cousin, Miss Daphne Graham, the daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham, and Lady Margaret Lindsay, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford. Mr. Richard Sowerby was the best man

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Sport and General*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER DOGS

The Queen-Mother at Sandringham in the kennels at her residence, where a young basset-hound is seen vigorously welcoming her

"The Blue Monkey"

THERE are very few men who could have borne the nickname of "The Blue Monkey" without loss of dignity. But the Marquis de Soveral bore it for many years, and because of his personality it never touched upon his dignity. Somebody dubbed him so in the early days of his Embassy in London from Portugal, because of his swarthy complexion and blue-black chin, but gradually it grew into a term of affection amongst his friends.

Throughout King Edward's reign he was the most popular man in the innermost circles of the Court. No Royal party was complete without him. He possessed a rare combination—a ready wit, an unceasing flow of amusing chatter, with a profound knowledge of the world and an acute perception. He was the ideal diplomat and courtier. Yet he would never have gained his position in English Society if behind the wit, the gaiety, the brilliant persiflage, there had not lain the gift of friendship, and that is a gift which is only given to people who have hearts.

It is an accepted fallacy—dating from early Victorian days and the *Fairchild Family*—that Society is a collection of heartless, callous people, whose sole aim in life is to amuse themselves, and that the more a man or woman lives in Society the more heartless they become. But no heartless, purely self-seeking person ever attains to the popularity showered on the Marquis de Soveral. He was a man of infinite kindness. This kindness was the secret of his success.

Some melodramatic stories have appeared about the Marquis tearing up a blank cheque offered by a publisher if he would write his memoirs. He was certainly approached, but no publisher's representative ever got so near as a personal interview. That would not have been permitted. He was the repository of more "family secrets" than any man in his time, but he never betrayed the confidence placed in him, an astonishing thing in a man who talked so much. It was always said, "You can't pump the 'Blue Monkey,'" and when he knew all the ins and outs of the latest scandal in confidence not even a Royal command could dissipate his professed ignorance.

The close friendship between King Edward and the Marquis de Soveral was based on their outlook on life. Both were cosmopolitan, and saw the world without national angles. That was the beginning. Then King Edward found the Marquis's society an unceasing mental tonic, for he not only talked well himself, but set others talking, too. As a *raconteur* de Soveral was unequalled; every situation had its humorous side for him.

Once when playing bridge, King Edward made an unhappy declaration.

Photograph *Vandyk*

A RECENT PORTRAIT

H.R.H. The Duke of York, who represented His Majesty at the coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania last Sunday. He was recently gazetted Colonel-in-Chief of the East Yorks Regiment at the gracious appointment of His Majesty

Photograph *I. B.*

THE KING AND QUEEN UNVEIL A MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD VII AT HOLYROOD

The King and Queen were received with picturesque ceremony on their arrival at Edinburgh from Ballater for the unveiling of the King Edward Memorial at Holyrood. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Thomas Hutchison, is seen welcoming the King and Queen on their arrival for the unveiling. Just before he left Balmoral, His Majesty shot the largest stag of the season on Deeside; the animal weighed 21½ stone

Photograph *L. N. A.*

FOUNDERS' DAY AT HARROW

Some of the upper school with the Head, the Rev. Lionel Ford on the steps of the House last week on Founders' Day. Mr. Ford, who has been headmaster of Harrow since 1910, played several games of fives during the day, in which he is still a most "dangerous" and rarely beaten player. Twenty-five years ago he was one of the finest fives players in the world, as well as an exceptional golfer. He plays still a "single figure" game

The result was disastrous for him and his partner. As the game proceeded and the King's mistake became more and more evident, de Soveral said to the lady who was His Majesty's partner:

"The King can do no wrong, but Heaven help poor you."

The Anglesey Heir

THERE is great rejoicing in the House of Paget over the appearance of the little Earl of Uxbridge. It is ten years since Lord and Lady Anglesey were married, and four daughters have arrived in succession. All this time Lord Anglesey's brother, Lord Victor Paget, has been heir-apparent to the Marquisate of Anglesey the Earldom of Uxbridge, and the Baronetcy, and his son has been the heir-presumptive.

The birth of the little Earl of Uxbridge likewise puts the noses of his four sisters out of joint. Until their father had an heir they were co-heiresses to the Barony of Paget of Beau Desert.

Mighty Deeds at Waterloo

THE Marquisate of Anglesey was a war honour, being conferred on the Earl of Uxbridge, who did mighty deeds at Waterloo where he lost a leg. Notwithstanding this he rode up to within a short time of his death. He lived at Uxbridge House—which, by the way, has just been put up for sale—and there a slate was kept in the hall on which members of the family and intimate friends wrote their names if they wished to dine. Housekeeping was on a different scale in those days. This soldier-Marquis was a great martinet. One day one of his grandsons, a cornet in the Blues of which Lord Anglesey was the Colonel, passed him in the street without saluting. He was promptly placed under arrest. "You may cut your grandfather when you like," said the old Field-Marshal, "but, by G—d, you *shall* salute your Colonel!"

A Martinet

IT was the father of this first Lord Anglesey who despatched a groom to summon back to Beau Desert one of his sons who had already ridden some miles on the way to London. The young man, thinking something serious had happened, clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped home as hard as he could go. Arrived at the house, he rushed to his father's study only to be told:

"Oh, my boy, you forgot to shut my door when you went away just now."

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

OCTOBER SMILES

Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Hoare and Lady Alma Stopford after their marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown

Photograph *Central News*

A WEDDING AT WEYBRIDGE

Mr. Idris M. Davies, son of Mr. Timothy Davies, J.P., and Mrs. Davies, of Alltyferin, Carmarthenshire, and Miss Gwendoline O'Connor, of Ballygunge, Calcutta, and Ballygunge, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

Opera in London

ONCE again the prophets who declared to an unbelieving world that there was a demand for opera in English have been proved to be right. The Carl Rosa Opera Company are giving an eight-weeks' season at Covent Garden, and for every performance last week the house was crowded. And no wonder. Old favourites, such as *Madame Butterfly*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto*, which we used to regard as vehicles for some outstanding *prima donna*, were given us as operas—and that is a big difference. As much care and attention have been expended on the rehearsing of choruses and minor parts as upon those of the principal characters, and the result is an *ensemble* we never had at Covent Garden in the days of the great voices.

These eight weeks will be a great treat for the people who really like opera. High intelligence and soundness

Photograph *Claude Harris*

LORD AND LADY FALKLAND'S CHILDREN

A first photograph of Viscountess Falkland's children. From left to right: The Hon. Sheila Cary, the Hon. Lucius Henry Charles Plantagenet Cary (Master of Falkland), the Hon. Byron Cary, the Hon. Richard Cary, and the Hon. Rosemary Cary. The present Viscount Falkland only succeeded to the title in January on the death of his father, the 12th Viscount. He married in 1904 the daughter of the late Mr. E. W. Catford, serving in the South African and European campaigns with the Grenadiers

are, I think, the proper words to apply to the performances of the Carl Rosa people. We shall have nothing new during the season, but the old is being done so well and faithfully—and set in such beautiful scenery—that we can be more than content.

Democratic Peers

Who shall say that our new peers are not democratic? At least one is. At his palatial abode in Scotland, where he and his wife dispense the kindest hospitality during the autumn, dancing usually forms part of the evening's amusement. All the servants are bidden to these dances.

And, furthermore, the spectacle has been seen of his lordship with a housemaid for his partner, and a guest partnered by the "tweeny," playing a foursome on the private links. Each player has to pay twopence a round, be they master, guest or servant—the twopences all going to the nearest local hospital. Shades of *The Admirable Crichton!*

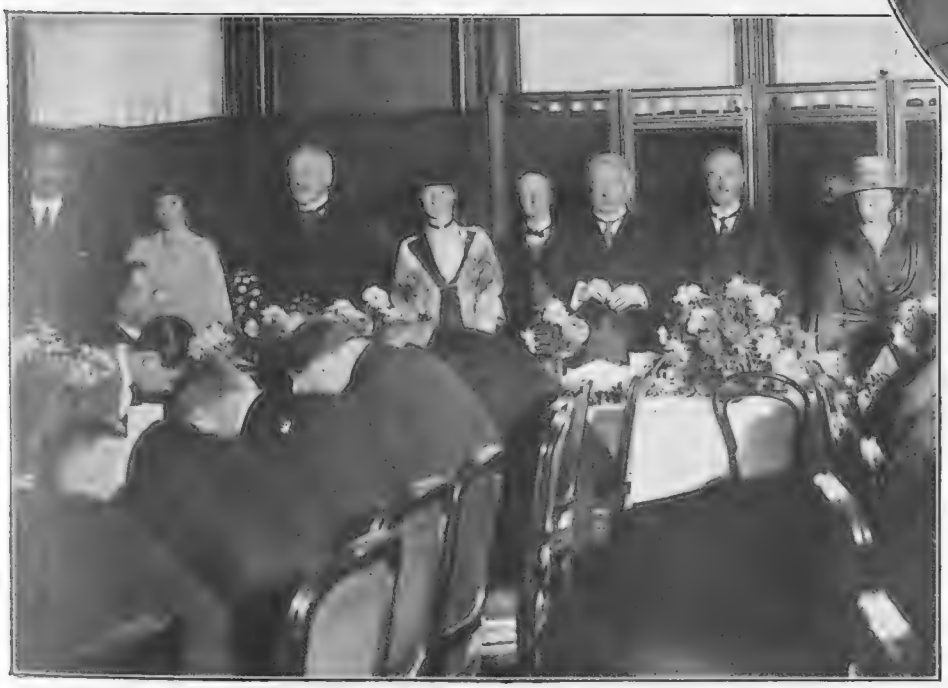
The Royal Air Force Dances

The first of the series of winter dances at the Royal Air Force Club was started on Wednesday last, and was a very good show indeed. Most of the members of the English Cricket XI seemed to be there, and many stage celebrities. At one supper-table there was a very cheery party, which included Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Margaret Bannerman, Miss Phyllis Titmus, Tony Prinsep, and Hugh Wakefield. The club-house was made very attractive, and the ballroom floor is one of the best in London. The dances are going to be extremely popular this winter, because not only are they excellently arranged, but also because you can't get to them unless an Air Force officer invites you, and the number of tickets issued is strictly limited.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

A GODDAUGHTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA ENGAGED

Miss Alexandra R. Alston, whose engagement to Mr. Bertram Currie, late of the Scots Guards, has been announced. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Currie, of Minley Manor, Farnborough, Hants, and his fiancee is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexandra Alston, of The Tofte, Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire. Miss Alston is a descendant of the Alstons, of The Tofte, Bedfordshire, in which county the family has been for hundreds of years, Odele Castle being the historic old family place. She is granddaughter of the late Sir Francis Alston, and a goddaughter of Queen Alexandra



Photograph *G. P. U.*

"STRAITS I HAVE STRAIGHTENED"

Mr. Lloyd George at the Reform Club, at Manchester, last Saturday, when he delivered his much-anticipated speech. On the Premier's right is Mrs. Noton Barclay, his hostess at Maberley Hall, where he spent the night, and on his left Sir Edward Rhodes and Mrs. Lloyd George

Battleships at Blackheath

By "PENDARVES"

WITHOUT wishing to be in the least disrespectful to the very famous, and old-established, Blackheath Football Club, one is rather puzzled as to why the Committee commences to build a new covered stand at the beginning of a Rugger season, rather than in the summer, when there is no gate-money to be taken. One feels it must be singularly undignified for their portly and conservative supporters to find themselves sitting, in the open, on trestles and the edge of scaffold poles, as they are at present. What the colour of the pressmen's language would have been had it rained I dare not conjecture. Personally, I rather miss the dear old Early Victorian stand, whence I yelled myself hoarse as a boy, and whence I was subsequently yelled at, as a player. But I suppose one must move with the times—and the gate receipts. After a Sabbath day's journey to the Blackheath ground the old thrill always envelops you, as in the past. The Rectory Field, and all its appurtenances, is as it always was, that is to say, charmingly out-of-date. I suppose the Vicar knows where the Rectory is? I have never discovered it myself.

Tragedy enveloped the proceedings in the early part of the game; everything came to a dead stop, and an awed hush fell upon the spectators. No, a player hadn't broken his neck, in spite of the naval tackling. It was much worse than that. Some careless Heathen tore a large piece out of the leg of Kershaw's shorts. You must know that this officer has the best cut shorts of any player of the present day. I don't know who his tailor is, and I am sure he wouldn't tell me. But they are very beautiful. His messmates gathered round him tactfully as he got into another pair, hastily collected from the pavilion. But he was a changed man until half-time; a depressed man, suffering a grievous wrong; they didn't fit; they were evidently bought "off the peg"—it was dreadful! However, during the blessed interval, while the Services side sat on their haunches in a circle round father Davies and heard words of international wisdom, his inimitable co-half crept, abashed, to the pavilion and appeared in yet a third pair of shorts, looking, if not content, at least mollified, and we all sighed with relief, as one does when a friend comes into his own again.

Any side, even in the best condition and beautifully together, as the Club was, is up against a singularly tough proposition when facing a pair of halves like Kershaw and Davies. In the tacit understanding that exists between them they remind me vividly of the great combination of Simpson and Pat Munro. Would that they were with us now, opposed to these two naval officers. There would be some spectacular play. It is a great asset, during an extremely fast rush of three-quarters down the field, and Davies going strong with the ball well tucked away, for him to hear, as he frequently did, the sibilant whisper of Kershaw, "Dave I'm inside!" and to know that a fraction of a second before he is heavily tackled he can pass to the latter, who is in exactly the right place to carry on the good work. When Kershaw wasn't saying this, he was usually exhorting the forwards to "jig up," in the typical naval manner.

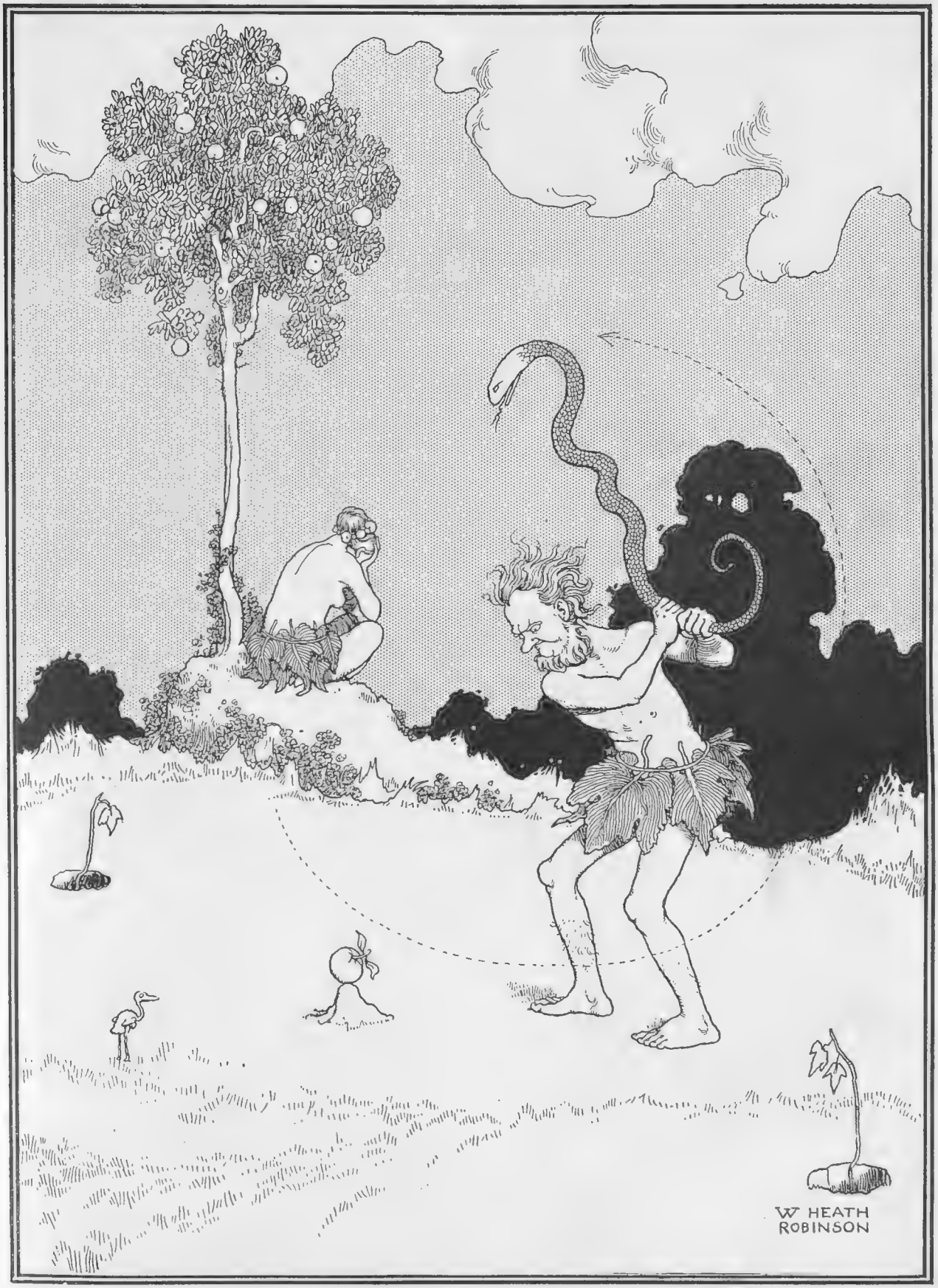
Hubbard, the Blackheath back, seemed to me to be flirting with death at one period of the game when, in the face of a rush of what appeared to be the entire Service's pack, he stood stone-still, and made a beautiful "mark," turning his back with the ball safely caught, as the avalanche swept over him; a nasty business.

C. N. Lowe, the Blackheath star performer, and one of the fastest three-quarters who ever put a pair of football boots on, was edged a bit out of the picture. Whenever he got going, which wasn't often, he was heavily grassed by Davies, who rightly saw in him the red light of danger. But as Lowe gets on to a football ground every afternoon at Cranwell, he has nothing to grumble about.

S. Cook, who never got any backing in his 'Varsity matches, got all he wanted in that respect in this game. He is one of those useful men (when he is on your side) who can take a pass at full speed with the right hand, at the same time administering a stiff left to the jaw with the other. Some of the Services forwards will bear me out in this.

The leader of the Services forwards summed up the whole situation when he counselled his colleagues with the mark warning "Every Man a Man." I have seldom seen two teams so perfectly matched in physique, speed, and *finesse*. They were all as one man, and every man *was* a man as was proved by the score of 5 points all. I should like, finally, to throw out a timely hint to Wales. When the Services play Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, Llanelly or Esgairgeiliog it will be useless collecting all the Welsh choristers from the surrounding counties to come and chant "Land of our Fathers" on the ground, with the idea of instilling fear. Kershaw and Davies will remain utterly unmoved, until the game begins. And then it will be the members of the Welsh team who will move, very swiftly—but in their wake.

The First Sin, or—



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

—The Fall of Man

H.R.H. The Chief Scout for Wales

Photograph *Central News*

The scene in the Grove at Alexandra Palace on the occasion of the Posse of Welcome, composed of some 40,000 Scouts and 17,000 Wolf Cubs (some of whom are seen above), to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on his return from overseas. The Prince, wearing Scout uniform, was received by a grand howl of Wolf Cubs, rowed on the lake by Sea Scouts and finished a strenuous afternoon by inspecting the Rally of Scouts. The scene as the enormous body of Scouts charged forward, yelling and cheering, was amazing

THE GLARE of the SILKEN EYEBROW

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"The reconstructed eyelashes"

MES AMIS—

IT has appeared that there are the dangers about this new fashion of the eyelashes which are sewn in, against the which one shall have to take the precautions. At the first *nous autres, hommes,* had merely the flicker of interest in the matter. It had the air to concern us not the least, except as the possibility of a further charm to be added to those already possessed by the *petites femmes.* But it has transpired that there are the less agreeable features. I have just listened to the lamentations of my friend Henri over this most dangerous innovation, and one is bound to agree that a limit must be set to the evolution of this reconstruction of the devastating eyelash.

YOU are familiar, of course, with the principle of the reconstructed eyelash. The lady who is not content with those which have been bestowed upon her by Dame Nature, either because that they are too thin or too irregular, procures the aid of the specialist who will sew in a silken fringe of lash that will perfectly match her desires and her dictates. All that the patient is called upon to do is to remain in obscurity for two or three weeks while the new lashes take root and fill the spaces which they are destined to adorn.

WELL, if the experimenters had been content with this, there is not anyone who would have had an objection to raise. How could they when it was merely an additional embellishment? But the usual thing has happened. Not content with a legitimate triumph of the art over the nature there are those who have sought to take advantage of the skill of the specialist to interfere with the habits and customs of *nous autres, hommes.* This, of course, cannot be permitted. Such a form of tyranny is not to be tolerated for a single instant.

LISTEN to the lamentation of Henri, and one is certain that you shall agree. His troubles are based on the fact that the specialist is able to construct the eyelashes and the eyebrows to any pattern, which means that he can train them in such a way as to create an expression. Well, Henri has recently been under the obligation to participate in a lot of "late nights"—at Montmartre and similar places—on account of business relationships. One must keep on good terms with valuable clients from the provinces, *n'est-ce pas?* Judge of his embarrassment when, on his return from the eleventh of these compulsory engagements, he has observed that Madame had an expression of reproach which, despite his soothing words, has persisted to remain. At the outset, *bien entendu,* Henri has not realised the verities of the situation. He has thought that a little of the tact could smooth away the air of injury.

"Those dreadful bores"

HE has mentioned how it has grieved him much more to be compelled to be absent from her side than it could have distressed her when she has not had to endure the dulnesses of the *provinciaux.* This preliminary has been wasted. The look of reprobation has remained fixed. But Henri is not the

"THE GLARE OF THE SILKEN EYEBROW (*concluded*)

one to be easily dismayed. He has made a rapid calculation of the cost, and then has announced, with a wealth of endearments, that out of the profits which he shall receive from the contracts (negotiated with the clients from the provinces) he shall buy for her the costly zibeline which she has so much coveted.

HENRI has felicitated himself on this *coup-de-maître*. He has been confident that his wife should rush to embrace him, that the smile of perfect happiness should re-allume her face, and that she should sympathise with him in the *souffrances* he has had to bear in the society of "those dreadful bores." With the most pleasurable expectancy Henri has waited for the transformation, ready to fold in his arms the *compagne sympathique*.

BUT the awaited smile of forgiveness has not materialised. There has remained the stereotyped look of injured innocence and reproach. Despite that Madame has said how delighted she will be to receive the zibeline, Henri has not been able to overcome the depression which is created by the unvaried look of pain and anger. Finally, he has threatened to return to the company of the *provinciaux* if his wife does not relax the glare of recrimination. It is then that she has confessed what she has done in order to induce him to give up the late nights. At the thought that this unbearable gaze shall be eternal, Henri has fled to confide in me and appeal for refuge.

ONE has been able to persuade Madame that the cure has been complete, that Henri will obtain the contracts from the *provinciaux* in the future through the medium of the daytime entertainments, and she has promised to have the original expression replaced. But you will admit the perils for us men which lie in this interference with the features that have been granted by nature. There is the whole felicity of the *foyer* imperilled by this tampering on the part of the eyelash and eyebrow specialists. On the reflection, it has the appearance to be able to do much more harm than good.

"The awaited smile has not materialised"

"Siki, la nouvelle idole"

THERE is just one affair, I must allow, in which it may conceivably render the excellent and praiseworthy service. This is in connection with the *Bal de l'Internat*, which, one is informed, is one degree more startling than the *Bal des Quat'z'Arts*. (It could be only one degree.) If, as is said, the specialists are able to furnish the lashes with any length of sweep, then they may provide a more adequate veil for the *demoiselles* who dance than they are otherwise likely to possess.

BUT apart from this, one must affirm the objections to the new *mode*. There is not the necessity to provide the artificial aids wherewith the *sexe faible* can appear more fickle than they actually are. The fickleness of fact can well suffice. Witness the tragedy of *notre Georges*. *Le beau Georges* he his always been until the stealthy Siki from Senegal has laid him low. Now it is M. Siki, *la nouvelle idole*, who is *beau* and receives all the bouquets, to say not a word of the embraces. This is enough of evidence. Let the specialists of the eyelashes furnish supplies to the elderly ladies who are in the real need. But let them not counterfeit unnatural expressions for *jeunes femmes* who are already sufficiently fickle. ROLAND

Author-iety

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

THOSE WORLD-TOUR REMINISCENCES

THE TOILS OF YOSHITOMO AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

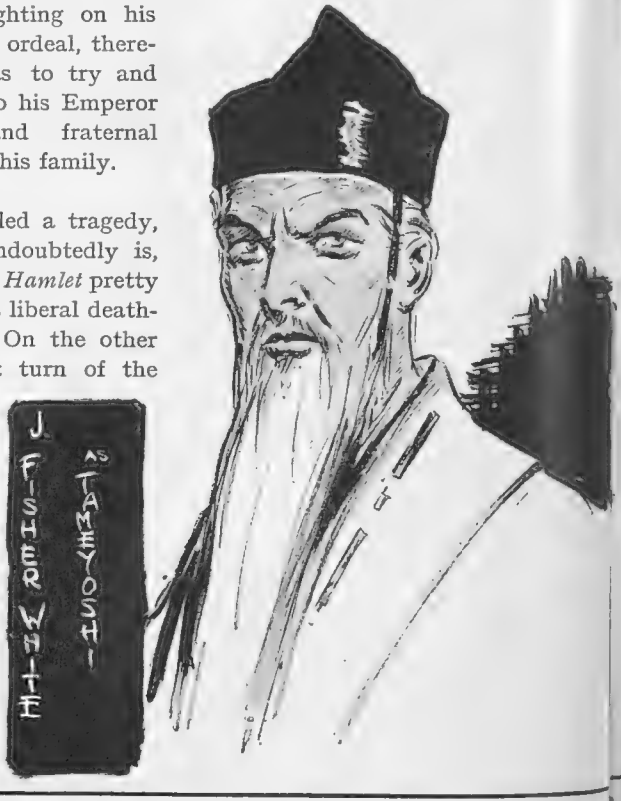
Produced on the 3rd of October

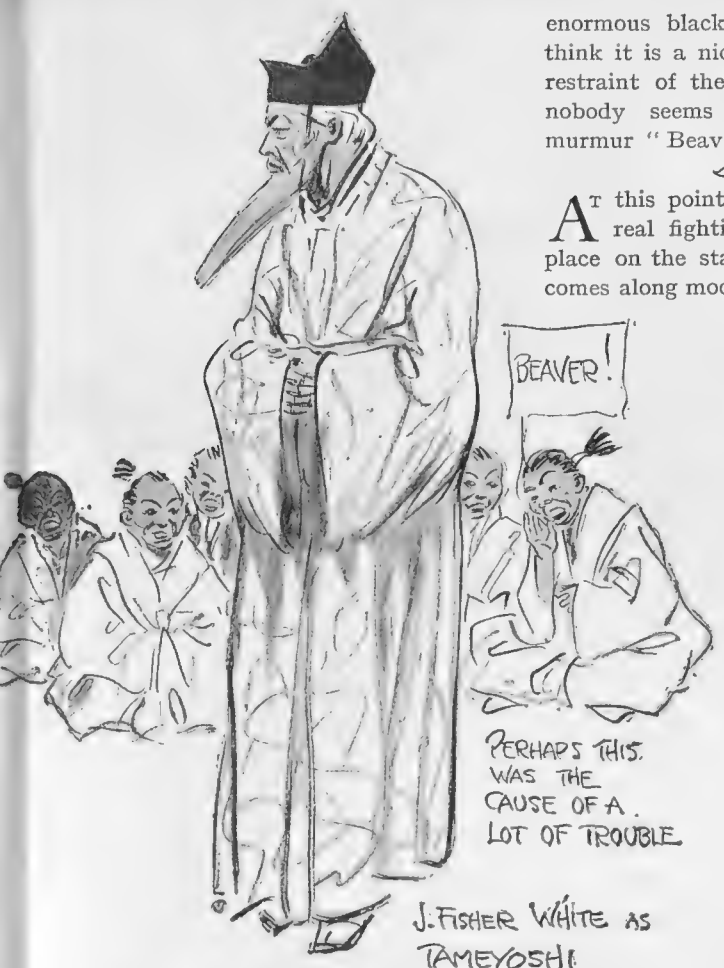
It is, perhaps, a little strange that while many of us pick up in one way or another a smattering of foreign tongues, a working knowledge of the language of our old and faithful ally, Japan, should be so unfortunately rare. Thus it is that when we are confronted with what are, perhaps, quite ordinary Japanese names we feel we are up against an insurmountable stumbling-block right from the start. For instance, Mr. Torahiko Kori has written a nice, dismal tragedy of uncommon merit about the Minamoto Clan of twelfth-century Japan, in the course of which we learn that Tameyoshi and Yoshitomo have a little war, which introduces to us people like Tamenari and Tametomo and Masakiyo, to say nothing of dear little Yoritomo and his bow and arrows. As for our traditionally pious friends, the printer and the proof-reader, no reminder from me will, I am sure, be needed as to the advantage of a prayerful attitude in times of tribulation like this.

The historical facts inspiring the plot of the play are rather involved, and take a good deal of explaining on the programme. For our present purpose, however, all that needs to be said is that two rival factions of the twelfth century agree to fight out their little difference with bows and arrows and dinky little swords. And, as has sadly happened before and since in the history of the world, father and son draw the sword on opposite sides of the fiery dispute. Tameyoshi, the veteran hero of a hundred fights, leads one army, while his son, Yoshitomo, is in command of the opposing forces. Yoshitomo has two or three brothers who are fighting on his father's side, and his ordeal, therefore, is that he has to try and reconcile his duty to his Emperor with the filial and fraternal devotion he owes to his family.

The play is styled a tragedy, and this it undoubtedly is, since it runs our own *Hamlet* pretty close in respect of its liberal death-rate at the finish. On the other hand, a very slight turn of the acting here and there could easily convert it into a jovial farce. For instance, in the second scene, before hostilities have broken out, we see old Tameyoshi seated in his house with his loving family, including the eldest son, Yoshitomo, grouped about him as the Patriarchs of old dwelt peacefully in the midst of their kinsmen. Tameyoshi explains to the family that there is going to be a sort of war on, and that dear old Yoshitomo sitting there in the corner is to lead one of the armies into action. Yoshitomo is rather elated at the news; but when he hears that his father is to be the leader on the other side he is properly shocked at the idea. But old Tameyoshi will have no holding back. He and his sons are soldiers, and the Cause for which they are fighting must come before everything else. To the simple and primitive Western mind, unfamiliar with Japanese culture, there is a vein of something like humour in the idea of two opposing warriors sitting down together for a sympathetic little family chat before finally setting the dogs of war upon each other.

Another scene that lends itself to comic treatment is the way in which Yoshitomo handles his side of the fight. He is out to make as many of his father's soldiers as





J. FISHER WHITE AS TAMEYOSHI.

possible bite the dust and die the death, but every now and again it looks as if he is stopping the war so that he can go and enquire after the health of the old man and the rest of the family. As a war, perhaps the proceedings are not very convincing. At one time two of Yoshitomo's men appear to be holding the pass alone, much as Horatius kept the bridge, and we see them waving to an unseen enemy whom they taunt with a lack of stomach for the fight. This manner of suggesting the presence of a mighty host round the corner is, perhaps, just as good as the old method of making a dozen soldiers walk round and round the scene to convey the impression that there are more of them than meet the eye. Presently, in answer to the taunts of the warriors, one of the old man's sons, Tametomo, appears with a young sapling that he has rooted up to serve him as an offensive and defensive weapon. He strides on the scene wearing an enormous black beard, and I think it is a nice tribute to the restraint of the audience that nobody seems to want to murmur "Beaver!"

At this point we see all the real fighting that takes place on the stage. Tametomo comes along mockingly with his uprooted tree, and tells the two warriors, in rhythmical and nicely balanced prose, that they cannot fight for toffee. When they run at him with drawn swords in order to demonstrate that he is entirely mistaken, he knocks them both down with his sapling and jabs their faces out of shape with the earth-bound roots of his playful weapon. I have always had the idea that the old-fashioned Japanese sword is all right for infighting, but it makes a poor show against a man with a six-foot reach. The war is suspended here for a moment while old Tameyoshi is led up the rocky mountain side by two other sons, and given a comfortable seat so that he can get his breath back at leisure. While the two sons are giving their aged parent first-aid, as it were, Yoshitomo, the C.-in-C. of the other side, strolls up and hopes that daddy isn't feeling the uncomfortable effects of the war too much. Also, he takes off his tin hat so that it may be filled with spring water for the old man's refreshment, and with that, barring one or two arrows that fall upon the stage as if they had been shot in anger, the war is practically over.

Then we come to the salient fact that victory is with Yoshitomo, whose Emperor is a

MILTON ROSMER AND HAZEL JONES

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

most horrid, spiteful person, and insists on his right to put to death all the surviving members of Yoshitomo's family who have been fighting against him. Yoshitomo does his best to save his father and his brothers one by one; but the old man for his part tells his son once again that it is his duty to obey his chief. After which, the fine old fellow, in order to avoid creating any unpleasantness in the family, magnanimously kills himself so that his blood may not be on his son's head.

THIS part was taken with a splendid and convincing nobility by Mr. Fisher White, whose deep, sonorous voice was very helpful in its clear enunciation of the text. It was a very beautiful and very impressive display of acting. Mr. Milton Rosmer had a very trying part as Yoshitomo, but he got better and better as the play proceeded, and in the final scenes of the Epilogue he was quite magnificent. Miss Muriel Pratt made the most of the simple pathos of the part of a daughter of the sadly stricken house, and Miss Hazel Jones, as Sada, the wife of Yoshitomo, was very effective in her manner of describing the visions of disaster that she claimed to be able to foresee. The scenery was quite simple, but very effective, and the production was a triumph for Miss Edith Craig, who was, as it were, at the wheel in this department. The play is one of exalted sentiments and lofty morality; but, on the stage, it was hardly the pabulum for the man in the street. Whoever it was that financed such a venture must be given more credit for his courage and artistic sense than for his commercial acumen. JINGLE

Photograph "DOUBLE—OR QUIT" *Foulsham and Banfield*

Donald Calthrop's latest production at the Apollo Theatre derives its three acts and many amusing scenes from an advertisement inserted for the purpose of procuring prospective matrimonial candidates for the must-be-married-to-morrow-cut-off-with-a-bob-if-I-don't hero. One of the wives under consideration, Miss Winifred Izard, is seen with Arthur Eldred (left) and Donald Calthrop, the hero and originator of the troublous "Ad."

The Decorator

BY LENDON

SHE: "But what *is* the natural decoration for a woman's face?"
HE: "Kisses, of course!"

IF THOUGHT FO

(A possible sequel will

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

MS TOOK SHAPE

e found on page 186)

Miss Hitting

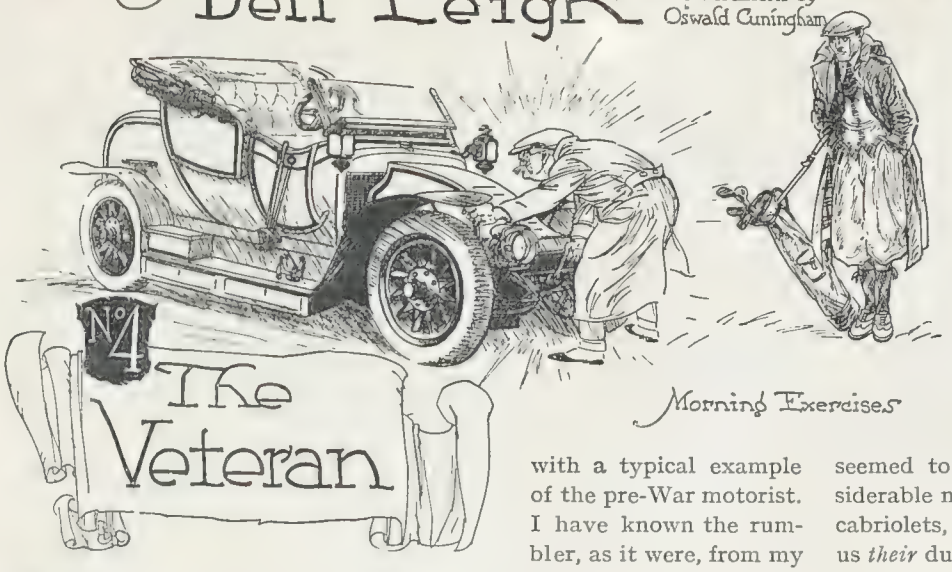
BY STANLEY LLOYD

THE MAN WITH THE GUN: "What I should like would be some big-game shooting"
SHE: "Yes, you must find it difficult to hit these small birds"

The ERRANT MOTORIST

by Dell Leigh

Illustrations by Oswald Cuningham



No. 4 The Veteran

Morning Exercises

To the present-day Motorist there is something rather pathetic about the man with the pre-War bus. When we glance at him at all, which is not often, unless his antedeluvian affair blocks the way in the garage at the golf club, our ill-concealed contempt clashes with the vague knowledge that he is far better off, financially, than we are. And yet he snorts and rattles about in that old thing. Curious. Why doesn't he get a decent car and have done with it?

The men who cling with blind faith to the old rumbler, which they had when they were first married, are possessed of a Yogi detachment of mind about most things. They have no desire to form part of the glittering cavalcade which pours out of London on Sunday morning. All they want to do is to get there. Which is usually first.

From a point of view of crude L.S.D. the owner of the Veteran could buy a couple of the new Derby Brights from the Rolls Company, if he wanted to, without noticeably disturbing his capital. But he doesn't! He prefers the *status quo ante bellum*, and cannot be led into any argument against it.

The other day I went up to the North-East coast, somewhat dubiously, on a rumbler, with a typical example of the pre-War motorist. I have known the rumbler, as it were, from my youth up. She stood, un-chauffeured, outside his door in a fashionable square, casting rather an aspersion upon the *haut ton* of the neighbourhood.

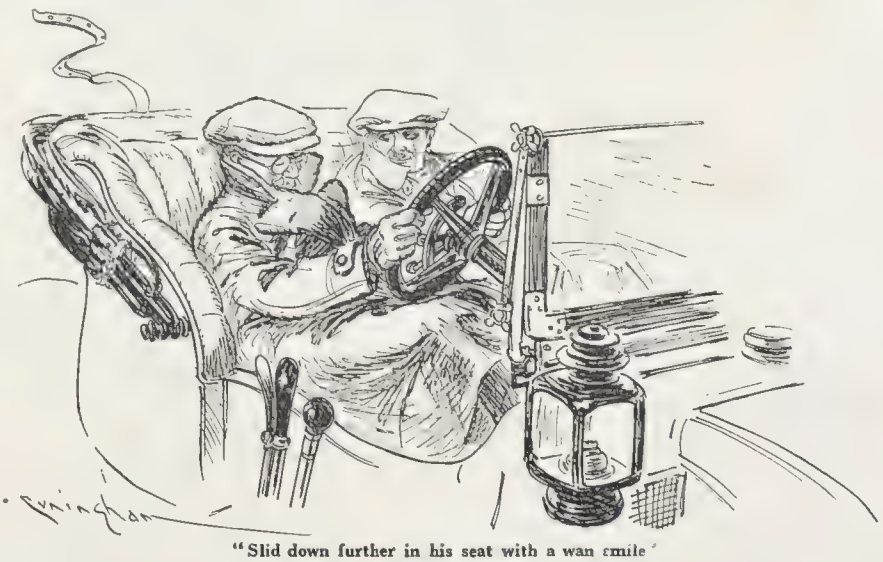
In appearance she is all that she should not be. Standing there shamefacedly with her tawdry paint and her clumsy oil lamps, she reminded me of a seaside landlady who professes to have seen better days, and tells you so, twice weekly. None of her lines are "stream." She goes up behind and down in front, and is altogether almost indelicate. But she swallowed my heavy suit case, golf clubs, and tennis racquet into her dickey as if they had been merely three small paper parcels, having already digested half a dozen petrol tins and other miscellaneous gear.

I found conversation with her driver, on the superb Newmarket road, somewhat of a difficulty; my throat became strained. But in spite of the tattered upholstery, and a certain amount of heat about the feet, I seemed to be sitting in great comfort. And what was more strange, I began to realise that cars were not passing us at all. We seemed to be roaring past a considerable number of limousines and cabriolets, but nobody was giving us *their* dust. Rather pleasant. On the long open stretch of Thetford Heath the owner slid down a little further in his seat with a wan smile, and I knew what was coming. Telegraph poles and furze bushes became blended into single units, as it were, and further speech was impossible. At the end of about five miles of this I lost my cap, and we stopped to retrieve it and smoke. She was unmoved, impassive, her great tyres nicely warm.

"I say, what were we doing then, roughly?"

"Dunno," replied the owner, abstractedly, "well over fifty, nearer sixty probably."

He could not say with any degree of certainty because there was no speedometer to record mileage. Nothing. The dash was bare but unashamed. I have known men



"Slid down further in his seat with a wan smile"

when I have been taken to golf in her gargantuan dickey, lean forward suddenly in the front seat and say in astonished tones :

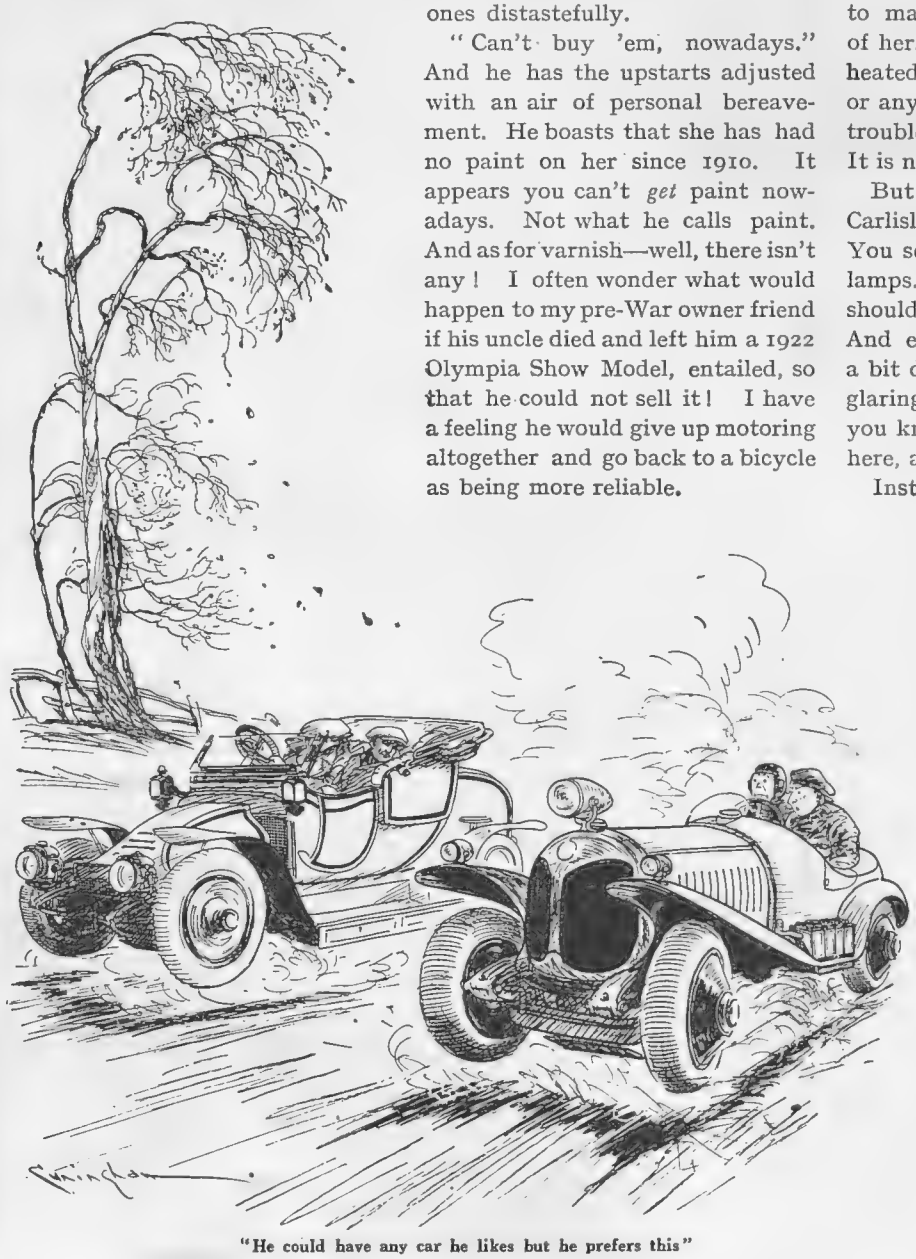
" I say, Ted, you've got nothing on the dash—er—how do you manage ? "

Most of them are faced with a sort of watchmaker's and jeweller's shop window when they drive, and they can't understand how anyone can get along with no outward and visible sign of her greatness recorded for all to see.

After about nine years continuous running on the arquebus, the thoughtful owner has the unruffled engine taken down and looked at. He is told there is no sign of wear at all. So she is put together again and carries on interminably. When, by effluxion of time, a new part really does become necessary, it is viewed with deep suspicion, and looked upon thereafter as the weak spot in her inside. Moreover, he is appalled at the price.

" Nothing like my old gudgeon pins," he says, looking at the new ones distastefully.

" Can't buy 'em, nowadays." And he has the upstarts adjusted with an air of personal bereavement. He boasts that she has had no paint on her since 1910. It appears you can't *get* paint nowadays. Not what he calls paint. And as for varnish—well, there isn't any ! I often wonder what would happen to my pre-War owner friend if his uncle died and left him a 1922 Olympia Show Model, entailed, so that he could not sell it ! I have a feeling he would give up motoring altogether and go back to a bicycle as being more reliable.



"He could have any car he likes but he prefers this"

Nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath disturbs the exquisite serenity of this type of motorist. He could have anything he likes on wheels. But he prefers this. There is a perfect understanding between him and the arquebus. They have never let each other down. They never will. He is a middle-aged man. They will probably be buried side by side. He is not contemptuous of other cars. He hears they " are quite good." He has a feeling of rather embarrassed affection for her who has travelled with him so far and so often. He does not speak about it. But the affinity between them is quite obviously there.

It is only towards the close of a long day's driving that he begins to manifest any concern because of her. Not that she may be overheated, or running short of petrol, or any of the mundane mechanical troubles that beset ordinary folk. It is not that.

But when you suggest reaching Carlisle by about 11 p.m. he demurs. You see there is no paraffin in her lamps. He had not thought we should be travelling in the dark. And even if there was—well, it's a bit difficult to see, with all these glaring headlights about, don't you know. He thinks we will stay here, and not go on.

Instal a dynamo, and give her electric lighting ?

He merely grunts non-committally at the suggestion. But you feel you have said something in rather dubious taste.

As if you had proposed to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford that the Colleges should hang brass nameplates out, for the benefit of American tourists.

Next Week :
No. V.
The Sports Model

IF you live in a glass house you should pull down the blinds.

* * *

A KISS isn't always worth its face value.

* * *

SOME husbands are like cigars—you must not let them go out.

* * *

To talk really well to a woman one has to be in love with another.

* * *

THE most useful memory is the one for past lies.

* * *

THE man who goes into his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher or a fool.

The Art of Lying Down

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A very popular actress, who, with Joseph Coyne—his first appearance in London since his South African tour—and a proportionately strong cast, has re-opened the doors of the Garrick Theatre with the adaptation of a French farce, "Dédé," which has been trying out on the stage boards of Blackpool during the past week

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

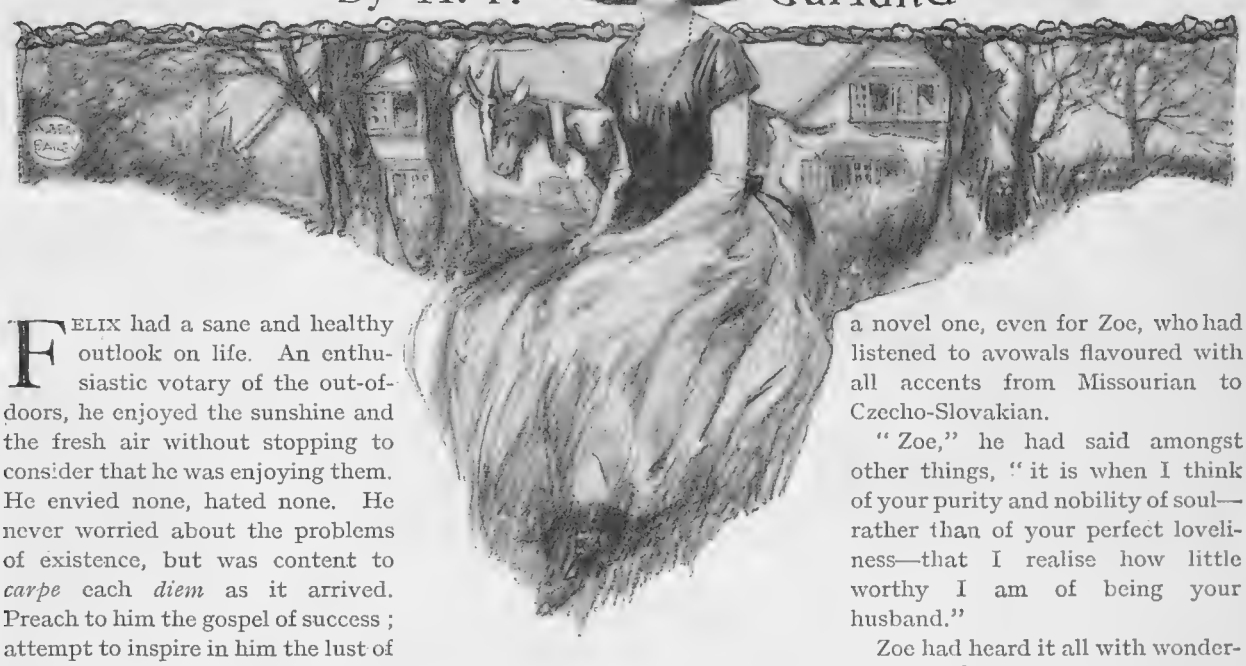
"THE CABARET GIRL"—MISS DOROTHY DICKSON

This attractive little American lady made her début bow to us after the première of "Sally," in which she achieved a somewhat big success, which she has repeated in George Grossmith's latest musical comedy at the Winter Garden, supported, as they have it in the programmes, by the beautiful Heather Thatcher, clever Muriel Barnby, and humorous Norman Griffin

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

FELIX LENDS A HAND

By A. P. Garland



FELIX had a sane and healthy outlook on life. An enthusiastic votary of the out-of-doors, he enjoyed the sunshine and the fresh air without stopping to consider that he was enjoying them. He envied none, hated none. He never worried about the problems of existence, but was content to *carpe* each *diem* as it arrived. Preach to him the gospel of success; attempt to inspire in him the lust of achievement, the desire to surpass all rivals, and he would have looked at you blandly and surprisedly, without understanding one word that you spoke. Plain good, but good right through—such was Felix.

He grazed—did I mention that he was a he-goat of ancient but unascertained lineage?—in a small paddock that lay at the back of the Hermitage, an old-fashioned country house, which had been a farm until it was converted and found grace as the country residence of Mr. James Wheldon, an expert drysalter, who had amassed a decent fortune in his fascinating occupation.

James Wheldon was a widower, through no fault of his own, and was, therefore, absorbed in his devotion to his only other relative, his daughter, Zoe, a girl of twenty-three. She had the face and form of a Botticelli virgin, combined with the galvanic temperament of a St. Vitus. Restless and wayward, she had laughed her way through a series of reckless flirtations until she had met Philip Treval, a rising young barrister, full of zeal and spiritual uplift, the type of man who actually believes in truth, innocence, chivalry, and that sort of thing.

He was absolutely a new type to Zoe—a unique specimen to add to her collection of love trophies. In a racy letter which she sent to Freddie Page, who was laid up just then, she tried to cheer him up by a mocking description of the newcomer. "..... And, Freddie, if you saw his expression when he talks of slum children—Martin Harvey in *The Only Way* looks positively giddy in comparison. And such a charming Oxford manner. And such white hands. I think he'd look positively perfect in a jumper.... Do hurry up and get better, Freddie, and I'll introduce you to my Sublimated Curate. ....." And so on.

Zoe set about adding Philip Treval's scalp to the bundle that already hung at her waistbelt.

The third time of meeting she wore a bronze frock which matched her bronze hair. Her eyes were soulful and appealing. Her little mouth, eager, inquiring, and child-like. Philip went under without hesitation, and Zoe had only to make another nick in her parasol handle and depart in search of fresh victims

But she stayed. She did not want to go. The engineer had been hoist with his own petard, and Zoe found herself deeply, madly, eternally in love with the grave young-old barrister who talked of the housing condition of the poor as if he himself were to blame for it.

His proposal, when it came, was a novel one, even for Zoe, who had listened to avowals flavoured with all accents from Missourian to Czecho-Slovakian.

"Zoe," he had said amongst other things, "it is when I think of your purity and nobility of soul—rather than of your perfect loveliness—that I realise how little worthy I am of being your husband."

Zoe had heard it all with wonderment in her large brown eyes. It was Paradise to be told such things by the man you worshipped—even though you were not quite certain what he was driving at. But when the scene had come to its predestined and conventional conclusion, and Philip was discussing such material considerations as rings, length of engagement, and the like, Zoe's mind was being made up. What Philip thought she was, that she would be. Off with the motley; on with the white garments of modesty, truth, unselfishness, and endeavour! She had been a frivolous, pleasure-loving butterfly, unworthy of so good a man as Philip. The future would see a difference. And she meant it.

Next came the formal interview between Philip and her father, during which the latter gazed with much respect at the man who had undertaken the life-long care of the uncurbable Zoe, and learned to his surprise that he himself was being actually asked to give an opinion on the matter. He rose to the occasion, hurriedly gave his consent, and invited Philip for a week's stay at the Hermitage.

Unhappily, no rose without its thorn, no ointment without its fly, no piece without its villain, rolling his eyes and his own cigarettes. Amongst the guests at the Hermitage was one Percy Moss,

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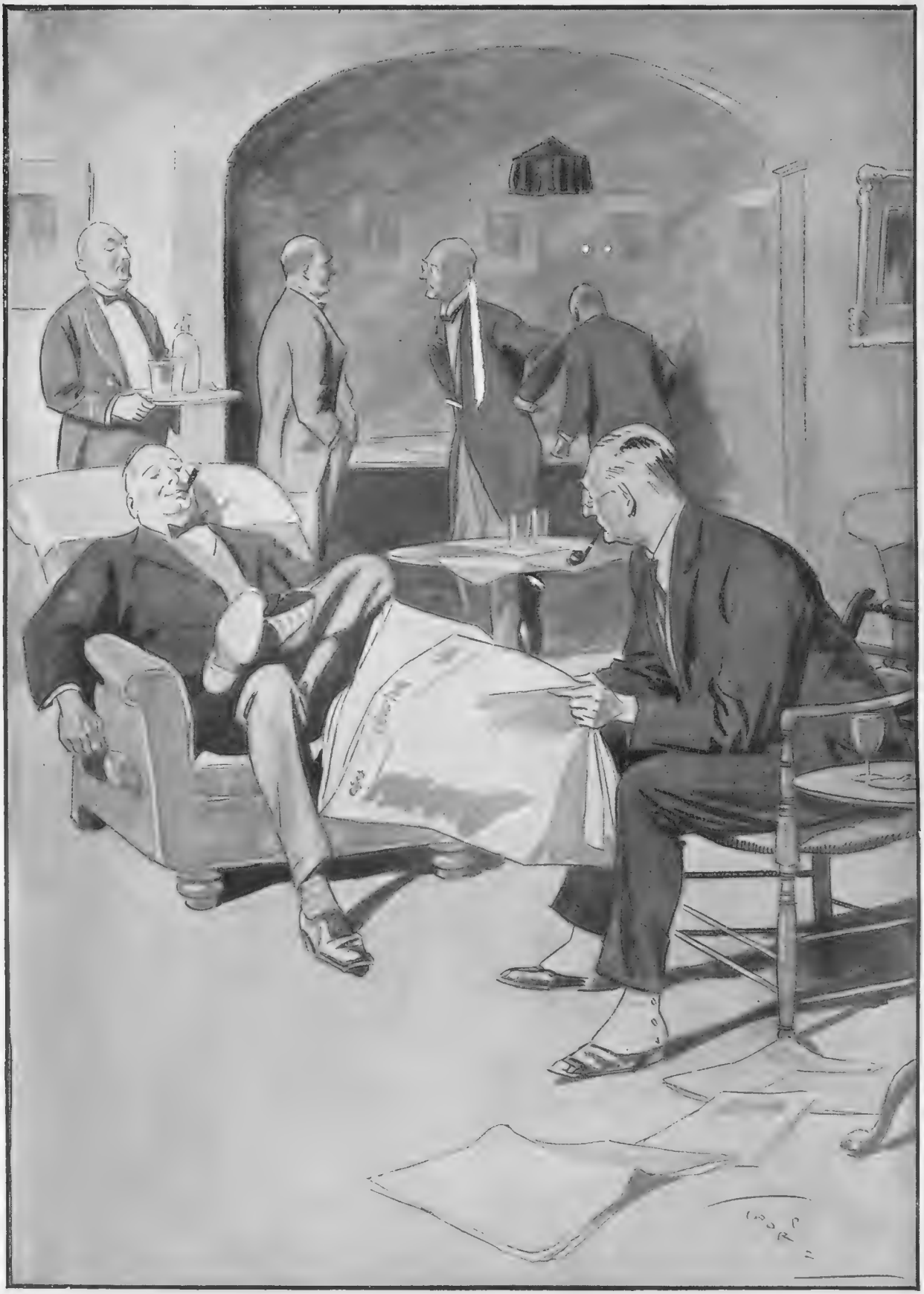
(*Continued on page 186*)

The Unthinkable Island



BY THORPE

"What do you think about Ireland?"
"I don't"

"FELIX LENDS A HAND" (*concluded*)

an old-time acquaintance of Zoe's, a vapid-looking parasite, who had been one of the most prominent of the gay set that she had for a time affected.

Percy had found the Wheldons Town house, as well as the Hermitage, a constant refuge, a home from home that was better than home, an enjoyable retreat, where the lap of luxury was always available, and where a steady income at bridge was assured to a man whose diagonally cut eyes enabled him very frequently to read his opponents' hands.

The news of Zoe's engagement to Philip was a death-blow to his hopes. Once Zoe had left the Wheldon household the father would turn to his old vice of collecting first editions. And Percy, somehow, could not envisage himself receiving frequent and cordial invitations to the Treval *ménage*.

Self-defence urged him to try to put a stop to this absurd engagement. Therefore, he cultivated Philip with great assiduity, studied his temperament and character, and discovered to his amazement that Zoe's *fiancé* was actually clean-living and honourable, and, stranger still, expected other people to be the same. More than that, he was still young enough to be rather sensitive to ridicule.

That gave Percy a hint. He made an excuse for running up to Town, and visited Freddie Page, who was now dying of consumption.

"Freddie," said he, after their first greetings, "you remember a couple of months ago getting a letter from Zoe Wheldon. You showed it to me. It was all about that silly ass, Treval. Have you got it still? Zoe's getting married to him, you know, and she'd like to have the letter back again."

"Look in that drawer, Percy," said the invalid.

Percy did so eagerly, and found what was wanted.

"I'm glad you're taking it back to her," said the other. "She's a dear little kid, Zoe, and I bet she hates herself for what she wrote. I should have destroyed the letter if she hadn't sent for it. But it's better for her to see it actually burnt. Tell her I wish her the best of luck in the future." And he sank back on the pillow and coughed himself into exhaustion.

Percy returned exulting to The Hermitage. Let this pious, high-falutin' parson see the letter, and he would be absolutely disgusted. He would break off the engagement. In the reaction Zoe would probably return to the old reckless set—who knows? She might even reconsider a proposal he himself had made a year ago.

So now Percy sat at the open window of his bedroom, contemplating the flimsy, large single sheet of paper on which Zoe's racy, slangy phrases stood out clear in her dashing handwriting.

"Yes," said he to himself as he laid down the letter on the window ledge and felt for his cigarettes, "that's how I'll do it."

The next moment a curse escaped him, for a gust of wind caught the letter, flung it up in the air, and whirled it out over the ledge into the little field that ran up to the kitchen garden.

In two minutes Percy was out in that field searching frantically for the sheet.

. . . . . .

But what was Felix munching with such satisfaction? Why bore he such a seraphic smile . . . ?

Two hours before Zoe had given him two ginger-nuts, and a piece of sugar, and he had found them good.

"Any little thing I can do . . ." had been his unspoken thought.

A. P. GARLAND

IF THOUGHT FORMS TOOK SHAPE! By FLEMING WILLIAMS

As likely as not, this might be the sequel to the tragedy imminent on pages 178-9

FICKLE FREDDIE

By Hyde

"It's three weeks since I refused to marry Freddie, and he has been drinking heavily ever since"
"Yes, that's a foolish habit of his; he never knows when to stop a celebration!"

A "LONG STANDING" FRIENDSHIP

By Graham Simmons

He: "Your face is strangely familiar; I'm sure I've seen you before, somewhere"
She: "Yes, you have; you saw me standing in a bus yesterday, all the way from Piccadilly to Knightsbridge, while you sat!"

WATCHING HOUNDS & HARES AT DOWNTON

PERSONALITIES AT THE AVON VALLEY COURSING CLUB'S ANNUAL MEETING

BETWEEN COURSES
Sir D. F. Gooch with General Cricker and his daughter at Salisbury

THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL
Lady Bathurst and Miss McLachlan take an alfresco lunch during the many races

Photographs *Alfieri*

WHEN CAMERA MEETS CAMERA
Mrs. Percy Whitaker, Colonel Laverton, Mrs. Saville, Mr. T. R. Jones and Mr. Saville at the Avon Valley Coursing Meeting, which produced some thrilling runs. Mr. Andrew Foster dashed down from the North to officiate, and his judgments were, as always, remarkably accurate and fair while Smith slipped the dogs with uncanny ability

LUCKY DOGS!

SOME CHEERY SIGNS OF THE TIMES

BY "THE KENNELMAN"

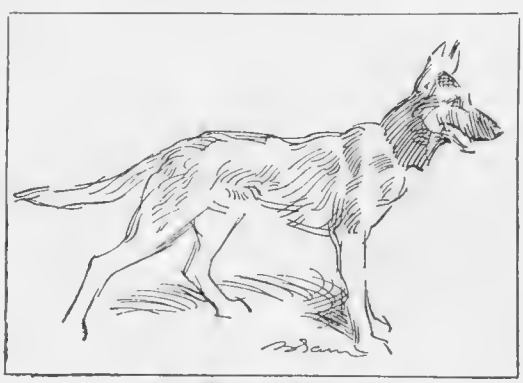
Illustrated by E. BLAMPIED

NOT only the breeders and exhibitors of Dogs, but everyone who is doggy, who is interested in the care and development of the Dog community in this country—whose numbers run into millions, and whose aristocracy is a quarter of a million strong—must be well pleased by to-day's signs of the times.

Perhaps the big general public has hardly realised what a thin time the Dog community had of it during the War years. Rationing wasn't very pleasant for anyone, but it was specially dismal for our Dogs, partly because they couldn't understand its causes and temporary nature, and, too, because—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—Dogs are nothing like so omniverous as humans, and were more hardly hit than the rest of us by what amounted to the complete wash-out of flesh food for them. And there were many other deprivations for them; very many.

In the first post-War years there were so many other kinds of tangles in reconstruction that the Dog community had to take rather a back seat; but this year we really have been getting back to normal; and one of the cheeriest signs, to my thinking, is the increasing growth of small local Dog Shows—most helpful to the Dog community, and to recruits among doggy enthusiasts. The notion of forming "nursery" sections in the Clubs of the different breeds, to organise small evening Shows, and enable novices to obtain expert verdicts on the quality and type of their young Dogs, is really good and sound. But, just one word of warning: even a very small Show demands careful and thorough organisation. It's no good leaving things to chance; for a badly organised or mismanaged Show does more harm than good.

The recent K.C. Show at the Crystal Palace provided a magnificent model of organisation; enormously big, of course—think of 4,668 separate entries—but none the less a perfect model for the contrivers of the smallest Shows; and, too, an extraordinarily interesting and instructive lesson in the tendencies and progress of public taste, and of human-canine relations generally. Terrier entries, 1,619; Cocker Spaniels, 332; Alsatians, 318; Pekinese, 266; Sealyhams, 199; Samoyedes, 60; Dachshunds, 110; Irish Wolfhounds, 89; Labradors, 97 (against 3 Curly Retrievers, 59 Flat, and 67 Golden); Griffons, 49; Pugs, 50; Mastiffs, 34 (rather notable, that); Bloodhounds, 41 (a very hopeful entry); Newfoundlands, 12; Field Spaniels, 7.



THE ALSATIAN WOLF DOG

There's a lot to think about here. Pomeranians, by the way, below half the Pekinese entry, Bloodhounds higher than Borzois, Kerry Blues 76, against 71 Irish Terriers, Collies only 101, but Chows 119—a Dickens of a lot to think about here; especially for beginners in breeding, exhibiting, and fancying generally. But don't make the mistake of thinking that what is must needs always be. Dig up an old K.C. Show Catalogue, and note the fluctuations. Personally, I think the tendencies of public taste sound, healthy, and hopeful. Look at that Cocker entry; the growth of the sporting interest among those who can't shoot over Dogs. Note the recovery of Old English Mastiffs. Dandie Dinmonts 85, by the way—the *pucca* little sahibs!—Bedlingtons and Borders only 25 and 20; but who shall say they may not double it next year; and consider West Highland Whites at 105, and Cairns 151! The whole thing repays study.

Three million marks for an Alsation Wolf Dog looks a longish figure, doesn't it? I believe it's just been paid, by a New York fancier, and, of course, if you translate into sterling it's nothing to write home about. But the growth of Alsatian popularity is pretty swift. The devotees can give you many reasons, and I like this one, given me at the Palace: "There's nothing half so good in life as keenness, and the Alsatian's the keenest thing that walks."

My apologies to the "Colonel's Lady" in Cologne, but I can't admit my statement about its not being really kind to give Dogs fender and hearth-rug accommodation "makes for cutting out the kindly companionship element." Especially if you tackle the job while he's still young, your Dog pal can so easily be taught to recognise anything inside the edge of the hearth-rug as out of bounds. He'll be hygienically better for it all his life, perfectly content, and every bit as much your companion as when toasting his nose and ruining his condition on the fender. Make sure it's not self-gratification, rather than consideration for the Dog, that makes you doubt it. Same thing with snacks between meals, and the unpardonable selfishness of giving Dogs sweets, cheese, plum cake, etc., or the refusal of euthanasia for a Dog suffering badly in incurable disease. There's more of cruelty in selfish sentimentality than in big sticks; and that holds in most of life's relations.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Last Week's Turn-Up

WHEW! What a Cesarewitch! Just think of all the discussion the prospects had occasioned and how useless it all was. How often we had debated whether Ballyheron would beat Ceylonese, whether Charlebelle would "come back" to her old form, or whether Tishy would turn ridicule into admiration. Everybody connected with Flint Jack considered he was sure to get into the first three. Many others were "tipped," but never a soul had a good word for Light Dragoon.

A Near Thing

WHEN I saw Captain Forester's "stripes" in a leading position approaching the Dip I could tell we were in for a big surprise. Ceylonese had evidently shot his bolt, and one searched in vain among the leading division for the rest of the well-backed horses. There was just a flicker of excitement in the last hundred yards when The Villager put in his strenuous challenge, but he was almost as rank an outsider as Light Dragoon.

The Cambridgeshire

AFTER the excitement of the Cesarewitch had passed away we saw Stratford accomplish a remarkably impressive performance when beating Sister-in-Law, Re-Echo, Roman Bachelor, and others in the Select Stakes. At first glance this seemed to be a wonderful Cambridgeshire trial, but the time was not particularly fast, and it should be borne in mind that the big handicap next week will be a much more rapid affair. Still, we cannot deny the fact that Stratford possesses a great chance, and I regard next week's big handicap as likely to rest between him and Poisoned Arrow.

THE STARTER By "THE TOUT"

Captain H. Allison, who has taken the place of Lord Middleton (better known as the Hon. E. Willoughby) as official starter to the Jockey Club

A Likely Winner

I AM leaving Soubriquet out of the reckoning, as at the moment of writing she is said to be a non-runner. In any case, Poisoned Arrow has a nice pull with her in the Cambridgeshire weights. Major Cayzer's colt was going in tremendous style in the latter half of the race at Kempton Park, and the chances are that he will improve on that form in the Cambridgeshire. I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the race next week, but I do not suppose I shall look beyond Stratford and Poisoned Arrow for the likely winner. We shall have an interesting day's jumping at Sandown Park to wind up this week's racing. I think **Daydawn** will be worth following again in the chief steeplechase. He always shows at his best over this course.

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

The One-Horse Man

IN the course of my article on the prospects of the season in a recent issue, I referred to the fact that there is no shortage of new Masters, and this is the more noteworthy at a time when the tightness of money obtrudes everywhere. So far as I could judge last year, fields, as a rule, were by no means so large as they were a decade ago, and it is clear that many who used to hunt one or two days a week have been obliged to drop out on the grounds that they can no longer afford it, and I hope that many of those who were able to keep one or two horses before income-tax reached its present staggering proportions will in due course find it possible to return to the sport of which they are by no means the least enthusiastic votaries. At the same time, no hunting country can be run merely on good wishes and fine phrases, so it is incumbent on all to subscribe to the best of their ability. Especially does this apply to those folk who appear on the scene in November and are gone in March. One M.F.H. in the Midlands, where the fields are largely composed of these "birds of passage," points out that visitors are apt to forget the hard work *all the year round* which the carrying-on of a country and Hunt establishment entails on those in charge as well as on those who live in the country and help the Hunt in many ways.

From All Quarters

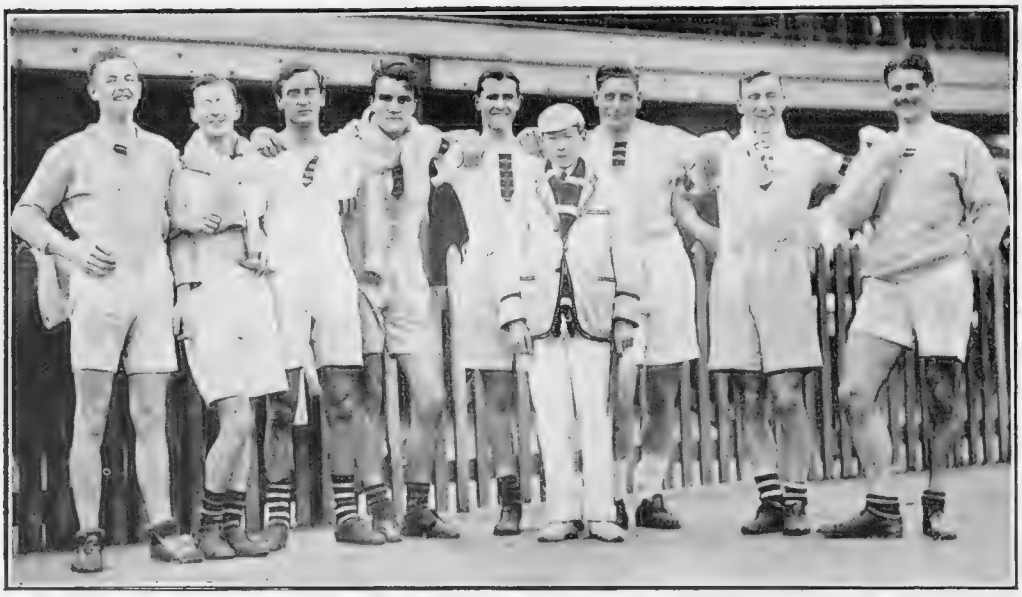
NO lack of foxes is reported from the Albrighton country, and all that is needed there is a serving scent. "With a good huntsman and a pack of hounds, and two popular Masters, we are looking forward to a very enjoyable season," says our correspondent. In the Ledbury country Sir George Bullough is succeeded by his brother, Major Ian Bullough, and Lord Somers in partnership. The new Masters have bought an entirely new pack and are assured of loyal support. In the Meynell country, which is agreeably free from wire, Peter Farrelly has come as huntsman from the Bicester. "Good feeling, a very popular Master, and a capital pack of hounds," are items reported from North Shropshire, and in North Staffordshire it is said that a lot of work is being done to remove the wire. Miss Dobson and Miss R. M. Harrison are the joint honorary secretaries in this country. In Worcestershire, where Major W. H. Wiggin joins Mr. Arthur Jones in the Mastership, "land-owners and farmers support the Hunt well and prospects are quite good." Scotland, as I have already noted, now has a woman M.F.H. in the person of Lady Bute, while in the Berwickshire country Mr. M. S. Thomson is a new Master.

Finest Quality in Scotch

BLACK & WHITE
WHISKY

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera



Photograph THE THAMES ROWING CLUB'S FIRST SENIOR CREW *[Sport and General*

Winner of the Eights' handicap at the Club's recent regatta. The majority of them rowed in the Thames Grand Eight at Henley against Leander and will row again next year. Left to right: C. G. Chandler, A. S. Dawes, G. C. Killick, A. F. Long, H. E. West, H. N. Lane, C. R. Rew, Ian Fairbairn. In front: J. S. Godwin, (cox).

Photograph Sport and General

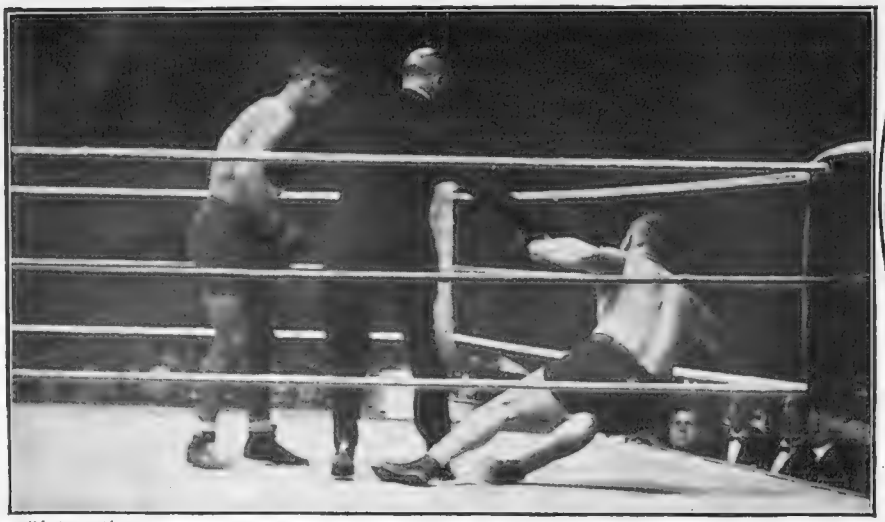
E. BERESFORD

Winner of the Invitation Sculling handicap at the Thames Rowing Club's regatta. He is a younger brother of the amateur champion

Photograph Sport and General

A PASS OUT FROM THE SCRUMMAGE

By F. Bekker, the Guy's "scrum" half-back in the Rugby match between Guy's Hospital and Birkenhead Park last week won by Guy's



Photograph I. B.

THE SMASHING OF FRANK MORAN

At the Albert Hall last Thursday six and a half rounds of the most furious fighting that has been seen in London for years put Joe Beckett once again in the vanguard of the world's boxers, when the referee, stopping the fight—Moran's seconds flung in the towel almost simultaneously—conceded him victory

Photograph A. W. Fielder

"SITTING HER UP"

The helmsman of the "Hilda" hanging out to windward as she heels over to a puff in the Royal Canoe Club's "all-in" handicap at Teddington

Photograph *Photo. Illus.*

ASPIRANTS TO CHAMPIONSHIP HONOURS

Grouped outside the club-house of the Hunstanton Golf Club, over whose course the English Ladies Championship of Golf was competed for last week. Miss Joyce Wethered, the holder, who won again, is seen seated in the middle of the front row, and Miss Joan Stocker, whom she beat in the final, is third from Miss Wethered on the right

Photographs

MISS N. S. L. GILCHRIST

Who, at Eastbourne last week, won the South of England Ladies' Croquet Championship, beating Mrs. R. C. J. Beaton in the final

MISS J. WETHERED (left) and MISS M. GOURLAY

Who had a great match in the semi-final of the English Ladies' Golf Championship, Miss Wethered ultimately winning at the 19th hole

Sport and General

MISS D. R. FOWLER

Who, in the third round of the Ladies' Golf Championship, put up a fine fight against Miss Wethered up to the turn

Love in a Cottage. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"I love money myself"

LONDON, *October* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

"PEOPLE with a balance can't be as happy as all this," says the heroine of brilliant Edith Wharton's latest book, *The Glimpses of the Moon*, as she basks in the moonlight of Lake Como, with nightingales singing and a scented breeze and a fountain gently trickling and tinkling, on a rash and reckless and utterly glorious honeymoon.

ALL about them breathed of peace and beauty and stability, and her happiness was so acute that it was almost a relief to remember the stormy background of bills and borrowings. . . . And so on, and so on, also etcet.

I WONDER. Whether, I mean, it *is* really such a satisfaction and a joy to know you're defying all the laws of prudence and common-sense and all the other good old solid stuffy things our pastors and masters are always telling us about. And (2) whether the aforesaid poverty-stricken and rash and reckless people really do have the best of it on the whole and in the end.

SORT of good old ancient and beavered "Love in a Cottage" kind of problem in a way, isn't it—what? Though lots more, too, really, as well. Whole great vast prob. involved, come to think of it, of how much money means (or how little), and whether you can get on without it, and if not, why not.

MUST say I *love* money myself. Can do with any amount of it, and find it quite astonishingly useful. But that's 'cos *I* know just exactly what to do with it and make the most of it, and spend it to the best advantage—what? Which none of the people who've actually *got* heaps seem to have the very slightest idea of, do they? Just chuck it about (or hoard it) in the most perfectly useless manner. Have *you* ever noticed that, I wonder? Or even heard about it from your numerous friends?

"Just chuck money about"

QUITE seriously, though, you know—I do honestly b'lieve it *is* poss. to be quite reasonably and even fearf'ly happy on just about the amount Sir Basil Zaharoff, the Greek mystery man, or Lord Rothermere, or John D. Rockefeller, or any of the other of the world's millionaires would spend in a week or so on, say, cigars or fines for furious driving or perfumed powder for their pet Pekes. S'long as you're in the right company, that is.

ISN'T it really rather 'straordinary, by the way, how utterly and entirely dependent we do seem to be sometimes on the people all around us? "Love in a cottage" may have its faults and its bad moments, when the "stormy background of bills" arrives on the scene. . . . But doesn't really 'pear to matter *very* much if there's a suitable strong arm around to encircle you and tell you . . . oh, well anyway, it *doesn't* much matter, does it? Rather love the "Love in a Cottage" sort of idea, meself, I must 'fess. 'Course, it's got to be a *nice* cottage. But, then, if it's one with love in it, 'course it *is* (said she, sentimentally).

BUT if the aforesaid book of Edith Wharton's is anything like a true picture of what happens in the U.S.—and Edith *has* rather a way of hitting the nail upon its head—oh, what a horrible affair life must be in a country like hers, where money is, 'parently, the only standard! Money, money, money. . . . . they seem to think money and dream money and judge everything by money. Even the very biggest things of all.

(*Continued on page* 196)

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

Forgotten—unnoticed! Neither making you conspicuous nor obtruding itself upon your attention. Lost in the general harmony of a well-tailored, well-groomed appearance. *That* is the test of a hat and the achievement of every

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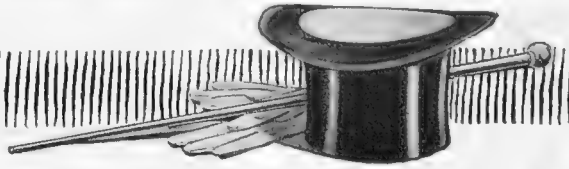

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE" (*concluded*)

MORE and more, and every day in every way, after reading a book like hers—or, for that matter, meeting some of her conspicuously dollared compatriots—one can't help feeling better and better. For the mere fact, I mean, of being a simple, ungilded Englishwoman, with not a dollar worth mentioning to one's name, though p'raps plenty of old traditions and things that can't be sold (or bought) for money.

卐

As someone once said, the only things worth having are the things you can't buy. Which is rather a consolation — what? — for those of us who have to live by "love in a cottage" standards—and aren't always, p'raps, quite sufficiently grateful therefor. Yet, you know, money does seem to rather interfere with things, sometimes.

卐

DOUBT, f'rinstance, whether the rich tang of an October day . . . the little sights and sounds and scents of deep-flavoured autumn . . . the glorious excitement of a thoroughly dissipated night of theatre-and-dance in Town . . . are anything like so thrilling when there's that gilded, potentially *blasé* feeling in the background of being able to *buy* anything you want! You can't, of course, but when you're rich you seem to think so. . . .

RATHER glad, on the whole, I'm not really rich. And yet I'm not quite sure. Such lots and lots of things one'd like to buy for people and give to people. Never seem to occur, though, they don't, to the ones who *are* rich. Should *we* get like that, too, I wonder, if we were? P'raps, then, it's better to stay in our little cottages, after all, and just pass around, s'far as we can, the things that aren't sold for money, or bought.

"What millionaires spend in a week on cigars"

卐

ALL of which, though, doesn't seem to be telling you really very much of what's going on here in London now. Positively plunged by now, we are, right into the first strenuous struggles of the "little season." And all sorts of things beginning to happen again in billions, 'cluding weddings, which have booked up heaps of the "fashionable" churches for weeks and weeks to come, spite of the new mode of getting the dreadful deed over and done with at a register office, and announcing it to your friends next day or a week after, which is *the* It of the moment among all the Best People—what?

卐

MONOCLES, by the way (in case you'd like to know), are being worn by quite a lot of Us these days—and quite right, too. 'Cos *pince-nez* or specs., even the choicest and expensivest tortoiseshell ones, are really so hopelessly unbecoming, and, after all, even the very best of us can't help being just a little short-sighted, though in old days the great god Fashion may have decreed that it simply couldn't possibly be so.

卐

LOVELY wigs, too. You can't *think* how becoming those white silk ones are that people are wearing at dances now, with little wreaths of rosebuds and knots of blue ribbon. Coloured ones, too, if you like, but they aren't *half* so good as the young-eyes-under-white-hair and Watteau-shepherdess effect, and all that sort of thing. . . .

卐

OUGHTN'T to think of any such vanities, though, we oughtn't, according to one of our young and earnest marquises. Simply scandalous, sez 'e, that women should spend such lots of money on powdering their noses, while hospitals are struggling and striving to carry on.

卐

WELL, he's welcome to a whole year's powder-money from *me*, anyway—only I'm 'fraid it won't help much to carry on any hospital *I've* ever heard of for a single hour, much less a whole day. You *would* think, though—wouldn't you?—that even Marquises'd be just a bit more *human* than that, now that even Marchionesses have taken to having twins!

"Women wearing monocles"

卐

HERE'S love to you, dear cousin, *from* a cottage, and no more week-end crises, and lots of fun (as they say in the Navy).

With (additional) . . . love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

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Watch them

Keep the film off their teeth

Pepsodent is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film coated, except directly after dental cleaning. The lustre has been dimmed by film. You have failed to remove it despite daily brushing, and decay may have been caused.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

How troubles come

Modern science reveals that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film—in that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Much is left intact. Night and day that clinging film may be unceasing in effect.

Makes teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

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Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

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The Bystander, 18/10/1922

Femina

THE "FURRY PERIL." By "CANDIDA"

I WONDER where it comes from, that habit that we've got to rush into all sorts of furry things the moment there's any chill in the air? It wasn't exactly yesterday that the thing began, and, in spite of all the talk about progress, and the gentle art of civilisation, and all that, we don't look like civilising very seriously in the fur direction, anyway. It's not done any longer in these days to hang yourself with the enemy's scalps, unless they're so nicely *camouflaged* as to be practically unrecognisable. But fur coats, when you come to think of them, are rather obvious in their display of—shall we say?—the triumph of the art of trapping. Shall we blame the furrier, or can it be that women, after all, are less civilised than men?

IT'S unwise to do too much thinking when it comes to ordering clothes. Where would we end, I ask you, if we knew about the toilsome hours that have gone to the evolving of the marvellous garments that are such a joy to behold? Sufficient unto the dress is the beauty thereof, and the price, too, alas! "It's an inspiration," they tell us, "blown together, as it were, and its sparkling lightness does not take a day's labour to produce." Don't you believe it. Those "inspirations" are wrung reluctantly out of a tired brain, and stitched together by weary fingers, because needs must when the devil drives. But, unfortunately, as someone has said, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

AS for the furs, they're another, and, apparently, an even sadder story. They're obviously the undisguised spoils taken just as they are from the backs of once-upon-a-time happy little beasties. At least, that's what I used to think, but I took care to waste as little brain work as possible on the subject. Because a fur coat, as everybody knows, makes all the difference to one's self-respect from November to April, and, once having tried the respect and the coat, you can never live without them again. I don't wonder that the first thing the munition-workers did with their new pennies was to buy fur coats. Anybody would have done the same.

HOWEVER, is it absolutely essential, to produce the respect aforesaid, to be quite so prodigal with the beasties? Fur coats are very enveloping this season. They go down lower than they did, because skirts are really longer at last, and they go up higher, because collars are more enormous monsters than ever. It must take a regular orgy of little animals to cover adequately all this space. And, worse still, fur coats are so numerous nowadays that you meet them by the hundred and thousand, where once you saw them only by the score. In fact, everybody's got one, if not two, and *not* to wear a fur coat, even on a cold day, is getting to be positively distinguished.

BEFORE lamenting the total extinction of the furry species it's better to enquire into the sort of animal that produces most of the furs. It appears that it's a very undesirable beastie, and that it's almost a benefit to mankind to get rid of it; that it does nothing at all for its living, and goes on increasing itself at an alarming rate, which would be a real danger if it were not for those providential fur coats. But for them we'd run the risk of being gnawed out of house and home, as, no doubt, they were during the glacial, or cave period, or at some other cheerful time like that, before fur coats and big shops had been invented.

THIS is quite another story, isn't it? Instead of being an impossible extravagance, the buying of at least one fur coat is a positive duty. Thus I intend to explain the situation to some of those aggressively humane people who ardently believe in not taking life for their own pleasure, not even that of an egg. I shall tell them that they, and not I, are endangering that precious, hard-won civilisation of ours. And meanwhile, what enchanting coats they've made this season out of the "furry peril," and how beautifully the obnoxious beasties match, and how perfectly they "drape" is the only word that describes it! When duty is made as pleasant as this no wonder that it's so popular. It's not often that pleasure and duty go hand in hand; so let's make the most of it.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS ELLA RETFORD

The clever leading lady in "The Smith Family," which is running with success at the Empire Theatre. The dainty Victorian frock is fashioned of mauve-shot taffeta, the underskirt being of lace, covered with small roses in mauve and pink with silver leaves. It is by "Jeska" of 15, Dover Street, W.

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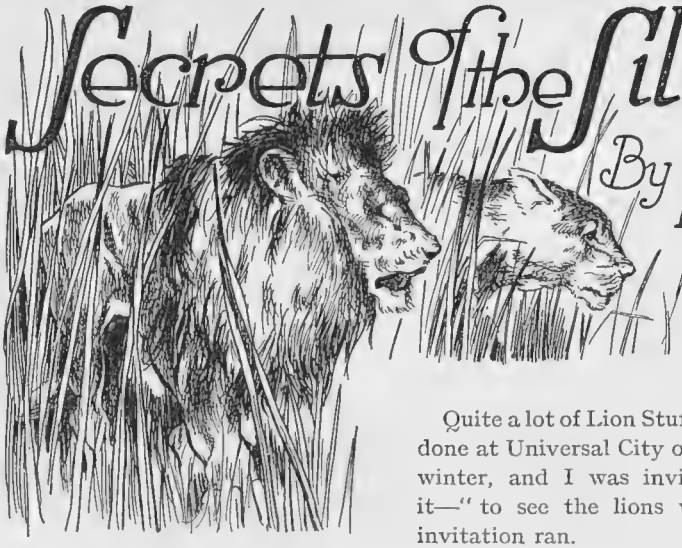
Secrets of the Silver Screen



By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Illustrated by Geo. S. Dixon

No. III.—"LION STUFF"

EVERYTHING that concerns work in Moving Pictureland is "stuff." They go up North to Truckee for "Snow-Stuff." For "Desert Stuff" they need travel only a few miles from Hollywood, unless they want it on the grand scale, in which case they pack off company and camera man for a jaunt to Arizona. "Sex Stuff" needs just the right studio setting, a leading man, with temperament, and the nearest Vamp with plenty of cigarettes and some black paint on her eyelashes; though, truth to tell, the word "Vamp" is now old-fashioned, and even disapproved, at Hollywood.

Of all the many different kinds of "stuff," however, give me "Lion Stuff!"

When I went to Hollywood I supposed that Colonel Selig and Universal City had the only Zoo's, and certainly theirs are the only ones big enough for world-fame. Yet, when I mentioned in seemingly Zoo-less studios my love for animals, I was proudly told that they possessed some, too! Scarcely a studio at Hollywood so poor that it hasn't at least a leopard, or a bear, or a string of Esquimaux dogs up its sleeve for emergencies.

But about Lion Stuff!

Ethel, a lioness, is really the heroine of this story, which begins and ends upon a day when she did some sensational and original Lion Stuff on her own initiative. Still, it would be unfair to Hollywood not to preface Ethel's escapade by giving an episode of Lion Stuff staged by a studio, not by a lion itself.

Quite a lot of Lion Stuff was being done at Universal City one day last winter, and I was invited to see it—"to see the lions work," the invitation ran.

I had never met lions socially before I went to Hollywood, so first of all I was introduced to a few Leading Lions in their own homes. (One leaves bones, not visiting cards, when calling formally, in best lion circles.) Then I was taken to see Bob, a star, and a few lesser lights at work in the jungle, "doing" a serial of "Stanley in Africa." Ethel was kept for the last, as a special *bonne bouche*.

Haven't you often wondered about cinema-lionhood, how it is induced to prowl, crouch, spring, hiss, or roar at the right instant for the camera? I had wondered; but I know now.

After I'd paid my respects to the lions at home they were removed in wheeled cages to the "jungle." I'm not sure how jungles look on their native heath, but I am convinced that no real jungle could look as much like a jungle as this one did—save for the immensely high wire fence surrounding it. The camera man, the trainer ("Bruno") and the director being inside the fence with the lions, there was no danger that a bit of wire might show on the film, and the whole secret of hisses, bounds, roars, etc., seemed to lie in the vanity and egoism of lion psychology: also in the mysterious hypnotism of habit.

That huge encircling fence was made of wire so fine that any enterprising lion could claw his way out in sixty seconds. But all caged lions have often tried to claw their way out through the stout bars of their own private prison, and have failed with pain and shame. When they see themselves surrounded by netting, therefore, it doesn't occur to them that it may be less lion-proof than home boundaries. They think they can't get out, therefore they don't try. Despite this known fact, however, you can't help shivers sneaking up your spine when your nose is pressed against a sheet of wire not much stouter than a window screen, and a lion's nose is opposite yours at a few feet of distance on the other side.

The best way to cure these shivers is to realise what a gorgeous time the lions are having, and how much they prefer playing in the jungle to bothering with you. That is the way I cured mine.

"Now, then, Bob!" cries Bruno. "*Good* Bob! *Atta*boy! That's the stuff!" he praises the star in tones of ecstasy. And Bob, flattered, charmed, leaps upon a rugged property rock. There, erect, bristling, proud as a peacock because everyone is noticing him and cameras are snapping, he smiles and purrs with joy. The effect in the picture is of terrific roars. Other lions, jealous of the attention Bob monopolises, are more than ready for their "stunts." They, not being film geniuses, like Bob, may need a little tickling with a leafy tree branch. This Bruno administers, squatting out of camera range. "Go it, Ginx," he coos, tickling the actor's nose or haunches, and—looking like Mont Blanc on the run—Ginx emulates the star's tricks by hurling himself half-way up a tree.

I could have remained all day with my nose flattened against that jungle barrier if a voice hadn't murmured in my ear, "Ethel's working in the studio now."

It was true—literally. She was *in* the studio. She was in a room, an ordinary boxed-in "set," with nothing over the windows. She was playing with a charming girl, her

human rival as star of the production. I, fascinated, gazed at Ethel through one of those open windows, sniffed her musty smell, and listened to her history, told by my guide.

Ethel, though to all outward appearances a fiery, beautiful young lioness, does not know that, or take any family interest in lions. She believes that she is either a frolicsome human child or, at worst, a big, beloved puppy. And the reason of this obsession is because she was brought up with children and puppies. Mother lionesses, strong on eugenics, refuse to nourish an imperfect infant; and when Daisy saw that one of her babies had a water blister on the head, she "registered" a glare which signified that babe's extinction. "Action" would have followed, but the trainer took pity on the doomed cub. He snatched her from the claw of fate, named her Ethel, gave her a bottle to suck, and made her a family pet. It was only when Ethel grew up that she was forced to exchange the hearthrug for the cage; and the memory of human love, human companionship, has blotted out in her the fierce heritage of race.

There she was, in that box of a room, smiling into the camera, with her head cocked on one side, like Androcles' lion recognising its benefactor. And there was I at the window. I forgot that Ethel was a lioness. I shared her own impression that she was an over-grown golden puppy. When the camera stopped shooting, and Ethel had nothing to do for a minute, something in me shrieked, "Oh, you *darling!*"

Ethel glanced up. For the first time in her young life (so they reproachfully tell me) she realised that a window isn't part of a wall. The discovery pleased her. Without stopping to reflect, she launched herself at the square hole.

As for me, when I saw what was going to happen, I remembered that Ethel wasn't a puppy, and faded away from the window. The next thing that happened was a tawny streak that flashed past, as I blotted myself against the partition. Ethel took no notice of me or my guide. She was too much interested in herself. It was beautiful to bound! Until that moment, since being caged, she had never had so much room to bound in!

She bounded out of that setting and into the next. No spirits ever turned tables as she turned them. Dickens' "Veneerings" had "furniture walks." Ethel had a furniture run—a revel, a riot. Dishes broke. Chairs crashed. Shrieks resounded. People scrambled up walls like cats. Yet Ethel had none save sweetest, kindest feelings! Misunderstanding has ever been the tragedy of her life. When she would like to curl up cosily in a lady's lap and be scratched, that foolish female has a fit. So it was to-day, only, alas, far more so. Tame camera men, not used to "Lion Stuff," strove to rescue their eighteen-thousand-dollar cameras, failed, and fainted. Brave Cowboy heroes, in the midst of deeds of incredible valour, collapsed like rag dolls. Leading ladies, famous as "stunt" artists, who would lightly have leaped from the roof of one sky-scraper to another, drew the line at Ethel. When she frisked towards them, over a squashed chair or two, they thought that the dread monster meant to eat them. Poor, innocent Ethel, who had much better tit-bits to eat at home, and wouldn't harm a kitten! She was having the time of her life, that was all, with not a soul to sympathise—unless a child actor here and there, too young to feel the hateful illusion of fear.

"She bounded out"

Ethel's foster-father-trainer was pursuing, of course, had been pursuing since his pet's first leap for freedom. But Ethel was harder to catch than a greased pig. While her trainer and several volunteers gave chase, Ethel swept through each ground floor department of the studio, excepting only the neat one-man dens where scenario writers shut themselves in, and curse if disturbed. These were too much like cages to attract.

At last, however, through the labyrinth she emerged into open space. Hollywood lies two miles from Universal City. Ethel did the distance in motor time. The hour was noon, but streets cleared and shops shut before the clocks stopped striking twelve. Most people in Hollywood are young, but as luck would have it the one existing old lady (not a film mother) happened to be walking up Hollywood Boulevard as Ethel poured down it like a cataract. Paralysed with fear, the poor woman stood still, and called upon her Maker. To Ethel, however—thinking far ahead—that quivering form was transparent. She charged through it; and for a short distance the lady sat astride a lion's back facing a lion's tail. It was then that the trainer arrived, caught Ethel and removed her rider. He had been crying for vengeance, but Ethel's smile disarmed him. As he explained later, "The woman wasn't hurt, and the poor beast was that glad to see me, I hadn't the heart to beat her."

Of course, you know, the whole affair was *my* fault! If I hadn't "butted in" Ethel would never have seen that window. And I should still be in pawn at Hollywood for damage done if everything valuable hadn't been insured.

Oh, Lion Stuff is wonderful!

No. IV. of this interesting series—"His Face and Feet"—will appear next week.

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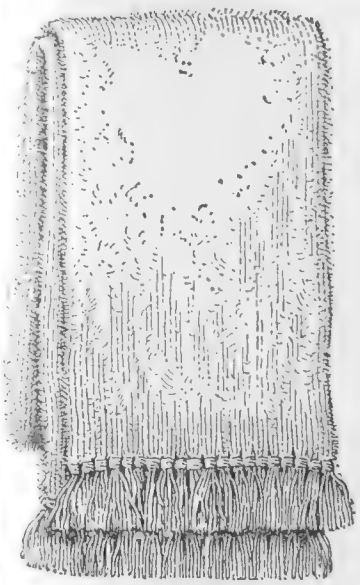

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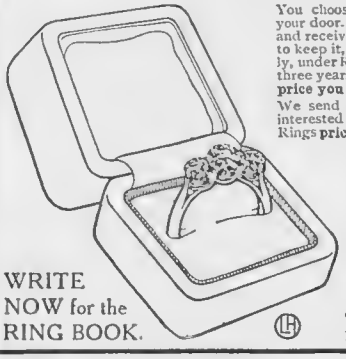

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Limitation of Lawn Tennis Entries. By H.S.S.

ANOTHER lawn tennis season has gone by—it is not actually over as yet, but it very soon will be—without anything having been done by anybody to abate the nuisance of inflated entry lists at lawn tennis tournaments. And yet everybody seems to be agreed that something has got to be done, so that I feel that I need offer no apology for reverting to a topic which I have already discussed in THE BYSTANDER not a very great while ago.

WHEN a tournament receives an entry which is so large that the level events have to be rushed through on the "non-stop" principle and the handicap events have to be partially, or entirely, side-tracked until the express trains have gone by and left the line more or less clear, it is bad for the players in two ways. The good players, and those who are hoping to become good, have to indulge in an inordinate amount of play, the bulk of which, since it is against players much weaker than themselves, brings them no benefit and affords them no enjoyment at all, although (because there is such a lot of it) it uses up their strength. This is one of the reasons why English lawn tennis stands where it does now, and, as we all know, the site cannot by any stretch of imagination be termed an eminence.

THE other way in which inflated entry lists are bad for players is that in many cases they don't get what they bargain for. They enter for a handicap, or several handicaps, at a tournament which is announced to take place during a given week, only to find that these events have to be "scrapped" altogether, or else that they are scrambled through by dint of curtailing most of the matches from the ordinary "best-of-three" to one set of nine games up, and that even then they may have to go over to the following week. It is true that all the players engaged are often given the option of scratching without forfeiting their entry fees, but the way I look at it is that their entries ought never, in the circumstances, to be accepted. Yet this sort of thing has been happening in varying degrees of intensity all through the season. At some tournaments the situation has been actually saved by bad weather. "Owing to the rain" (so the notice ran) "it has been found necessary to abandon the following handicap events"—usually the Men's and Ladies' Doubles. But those events could not have been played out within the allotted time even if the weather had been fine all through the tournament.

I FEEL tolerably sure that limitation of entries in some form or another has got to come. The Lawn Tennis Association must see to it, even if it reduces that nice little nest-egg, the two-bob-a-nob fee from every competitor in each and every open tournament in which he (or she) plays. In the level events players will have to be graded, and only those who have reached a recognised standard of proficiency will be eligible to compete. The scheme which is now taking definite shape for giving to every lawn tennis-player an "official" handicap will be very helpful here, if it materialises. Very possibly we shall see two classes or grades of level event for players above and below a certain handicap.

PLAYERS will, perhaps, have to be given the option of competing in that grade of level event for which they are eligible or else in the handicap events, in which there will also be two classes or grades, but not in both. In any case, organisers of tournaments will have to cut their handicap coat according to their cloth. They will find it expedient, if they are not actually compelled, to reckon up the number of days, the number of courts, and the number of playing hours (having regard to the time of year) at their disposal, and to refuse entries as soon as the limit has been reached. Unless they do this, even if the Lawn Tennis Association does not enjoin them to do it, there will be trouble, and the tournament which has enjoyed the sweets of a boom will taste of the bitterness of a slump.

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather
THAT MAN IN THE STREET

Some Reminiscences

IN *My Tournaments* (Hodder and Stoughton: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. F. R. Burrow, the well-known lawn tennis referee, has written his reminiscences as a player and a tournament manager, and as Mr. Burrow was a player in the early days of the game when the Renshaws were at their zenith, and numbers the tournaments which he has "run" by the hundred, it will be readily understood that his knowledge of the game and its players is, like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. A humorist as well as a shrewd critic, Mr. Burrow has succeeded in producing a most entertaining book, which is worth reading if only for the number of good stories in which it abounds.

A LUXURIOUS LIGHT CAR OF HIGH EFFICIENCY

LUXURIOUS in every sense of the term is the new 10-12 h.p. Straker-Squire. That it is unusually high in efficiency goes without saying, for it has all the racing experience of the wonderful Straker-Squire "Six" built into its design.

The standard four-seater, fully loaded, has lapped Brooklands at 55 m.p.h. and climbed the test hill in 15 seconds.

Write to-day for full details of this luxurious Light Car that brings a new standard of efficiency into economical motoring. See it on Stand 259 at Olympia.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION:

4 cylinder engine 65 x 110 mm. R.A.C. rating 10.4 h.p., overhead valves. Thermo syphon cooling. Forced lubrication. Magneto ignition. Inverted cone clutch. Four speeds and reverse. Righthand change. Spiral bevel drive. Internal expanding brakes, long semi-elliptic springs front and rear. Steel detachable wheels 710 x 90 non-skid tyres; 9 ft wheelbase 3 ft. 10 ins. track. Smith's electric starting and lighting, double windscreen, hood, leather upholstery, clock, speedometer, electric horn, grease gun lubrication, petrol gauge, etc.

New Models and Reduced Prices.

10-12 H.P. 2-seater with dickey complete		£425
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15-20 H.P. 2 or 4-seater	„	£725
15-20 H.P. Chassis		£540
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IN order to *prove* the superiority of 'Hydrox' over any other Table Water in the world we will send you a bottle *free and post paid* if you will write for it. We could not afford to do this if we did not know that drinking 'Hydrox' is its best advertisement.

'Hydrox' contains, in solution, bi-carbonate of soda and other salts. It is invaluable to those suffering from Gout or Rheumatism. It is soft and undoubtedly the purest and finest NATURAL Soda Water so far discovered in Nature. You can obtain it from your Dealer. If he will not supply you—we will. Send for a free bottle *now* please, while you think of it.

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Please send *free and post paid* one Bottle of Hydrox *Natural* Soda Water to:—

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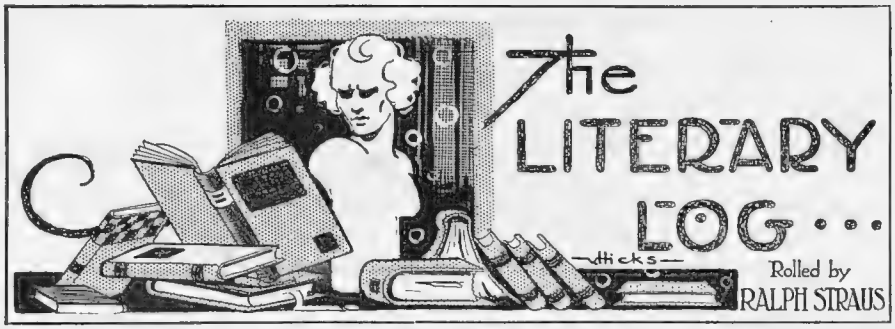
POST IT NOW TO HYDROX Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W. 1

C.E.H.



WHO is Alexis Triona? He is the hero of Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, *The Tale of Triona* (Lane 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a curious gentleman, an ex-chauffeur who has written a remarkable account of his Russian experiences, a quiet little man who can use his fists well on occasion. His experiences, indeed, are so astonishing, so heartrending, so incredibly *cruel*, that he achieves great success with his book. When, moreover, his friend, the handsome though one-armed Major Blaise Oliphant, introduces him to Olivia Gale, a typical Lockian lady, which, of course, means that she is one of the nicest women ever born to mother a man, you imagine that these good people are going to solve that eternal triangular problem in their own way. And so they do, but—not at all in the manner you expect, for, lo and behold! half-way through the book Mr. Triona turns out to be a wholly different fellow from the tortured pioneer you had thought him; an imposter, in fact. Not the usual kind of impostor, of course, but a Lockian impostor who has really written the book, although the experiences he describes belong to somebody else. And then Olivia, who has married him, naturally has something to say. The chauffeur works out his salvation at long last, and all ends well. After a momentary doubt you forgive Mr. Locke for that one great shock in disillusion, and, indeed, thank him for an excellent, if improbable, story.

❀

THERE is a pretty idea in Mr. John Hastings Turner's new, but, perhaps, rather baffling, book, *The Cloak of Gold* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Three elderly married men and their wives are accustomed to meet once a year in a small seaside private hotel. These are Charles Cutman, a successful barrister, Dr. Weare, and a London editor called Peter Margett. Incidentally, there are two modern youngsters who fall in love. And for a while you wonder what it is all about. Something is vaguely wrong, but—what is it? Well, Cutman is no longer in love with Emily, his wife. Peter Margett is in much the same unfortunate condition. As for Dr. Weare——. But there comes a mysterious lady, and then——well, Mr. Turner's idea may be fantastic, but it is certainly too original to be given away in a review. Cutman and Peter come near to blows, as men occasionally will, when they both fall in love with the same woman, but there are no blows, only a strange revelation. The book is written lightly throughout, but it contains a wealth of quiet philosophy, which gives it a peculiar distinction.

❀

IF you don't mind rather broad farce, May Edginton's book, *Ladies Only* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), may amuse you. The newspapers occasionally report the existence of teashops run by beautiful ladies for tired city gentlemen, and run in a manner of which the police do not always approve. But it is a strange fact that so far they have had nothing to say of similar establishments run by good-looking gentlemen for the use of adventurous ladies. In this book an amiable philanthropist opens "Cæsar's Court" in Westbourne Grove for the sake of such ladies, and achieves a remarkable success—for a time. True, the young policeman on point duty outside has a hard time of it, and the staff does not take kindly to the kind of customer who is admitted. In fact, after closing hours ladies too beautiful for what I may call the earlier house are admitted—a fact which gives rise to considerable scandal. Hubert, the proprietor, doubtless means well, but he is not a good business man. However, that doesn't matter in the least, for it is all very amiable fooling.

❀

MR. HARRY LEON WILSON in his new novel, *Merton of the Movies* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), evinces a pretty turn for satire, and in this most interesting story of a film-struck young man he allows his powers full play. Merton Gill is rather a loon, but you cannot help admiring his pluck. He believes in himself, and enjoys dreams of the day when he, as a cinema-star, will be able to wallow in dollars. When he does go to Hollywood (where the films come from), he has a poor time of it, but perseverance is rewarded, although in a manner which neither poor Merton himself, nor the reader, would ever have guessed. It is mighty good fun, and also a little pathetic, in spite of the fact that Merton obtains big money as well as a wife. And, now that I come to think of it, *Merton of the Movies* may amuse you even if you never step inside a cinema-theatre or care about those who appear on the screen. R. S.

Photograph "LASS O' LAUGHTER" *Navana*

Winifred Carter, who has written the novel version of "Lass o' Laughter," the play produced recently in London and whose book, "Sylvia Revolts," is due on the bookstalls shortly

A Book of Wines

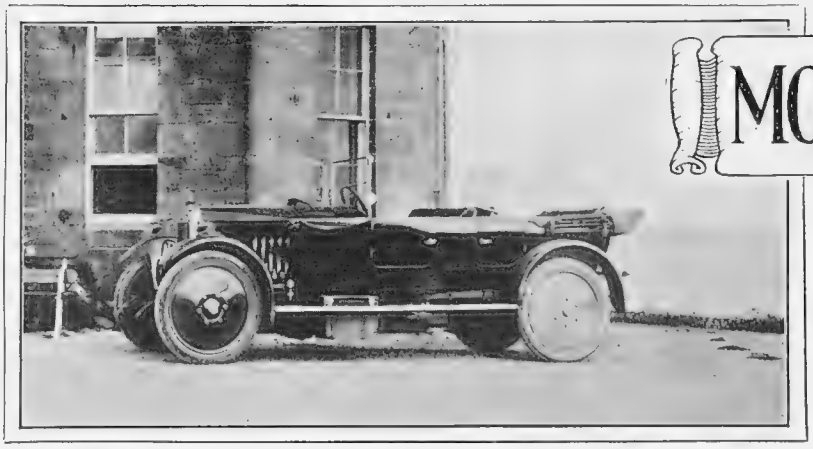
A knowledge of wine, as is a knowledge of horses, is professed by many but known by few, and to those who wish to know something more of the wine they frequently drink, its origin, and the full appreciation of its variable qualities, *A Handbook of Wine*: How to buy, serve, store or drink it, by W. J. Todd (Jonathan Cape: 5*s.*) might be read with much benefit by the man or woman who wishes to drink and place before their friends the right and the best wine. Some interesting suggestions as to the proper serving and the right glass are distinctly appropriate, while his admonition to "respect each bottle of fine wine as having temperament, individually" will be thoroughly endorsed by connoisseurs.

AMERICA TAKES THE BLAME

For Cheaper Motoring

It has been suggested that the reason underlying the recent price reduction of 5½d per gallon was chiefly due to the reduction in the price of Crude Oil in America & to the lower cost of Freight! It is an Ingenious Idea!!.

MOTOR·NOTES



A VAUXHALL AT JOHN O'GROATS

One of the new 14 h.p. Vauxhall cars at North Britain's topmost point, where Vauxhalls are, in the opinion of all owners of this fine car

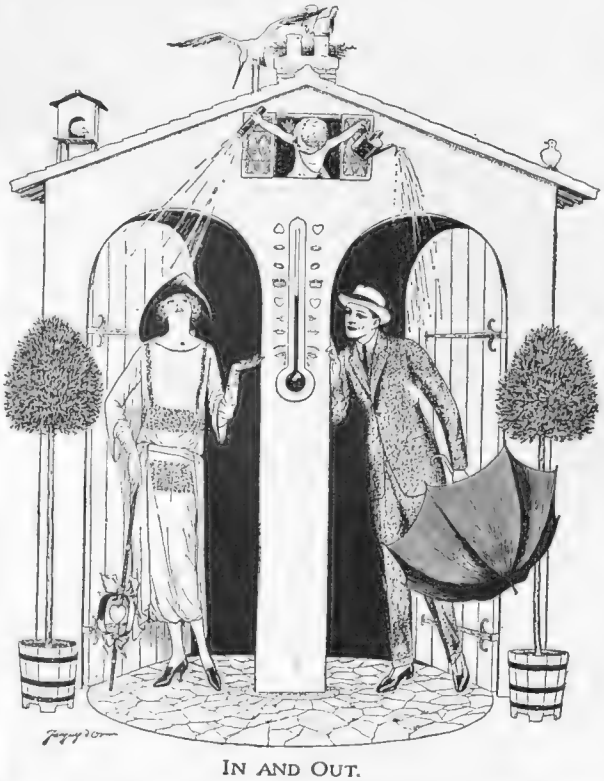
LAST Sunday, October 15, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Minerva Motor Company of Antwerp, and right well was this anniversary and birthday fêted, for guests from all quarters of the globe had enjoyed the hospitality of this firm for three days at which banquet after banquet followed one another with speeches, concerts and dances, intermingled with visits to the works to inspect how a tiny concern with an original capital of 200,000 francs, employing forty workmen, had grown, under the energy of M. Sylvain de Jong, to the present huge factory, giving work daily to 3,000 employees, and covering many, many acres of ground. There was romance, too, in this twenty-fifth birthday party, for during the War when the "Bosch" was about to enter the city for three days the devoted and trusted workpeople wrapped up, greased, all the steel gauges and patterns of the Minerva motor parts, which were hidden in the tall chimney stack—and never discovered by the invader. Immediately the Belgians again took possession of Antwerp, M. de Jong rushed to his chimney stack of the factory and found a fortune, as the material hidden was worth £85,000. To-day the new six-cylinder Minerva car has left the Paris motor show on its way to Olympia, where no doubt it will be gazed on with more than usual interest, as, but for the successful *cache*—the hidden treasure—it is doubtful if the firm would have progressed so far to-day after the total dismantling of this factory by the Germans. The Knight sleeve-valve engine is even better than it proved itself in the Isle of Man T.T. race of 1914, when the Minerva won the *Daily Telegraph* team prize, the only three cars as a team to finish out of a big field of runners. Central gear and brake levers, Perrot front wheel brakes, and a general clean-looking appearance of this 20 h.p. six-cylinder chassis are leading features. But you will all see it at Olympia, so its further details can then be examined.

* * *

As for the Paris motor show, the young lady who deals out the Press tickets—mind you, with great care and exactitude of your identity—for M. Henri Cezanne, its chief organiser, rightly gauged its popularity by stating the Press of all the world wanted to describe its wonders, so many were her applicants. But there were no brightly coloured carriages on view, all the exhibits were

(*Continued on page 210*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



IN AND OUT.

THIS BONDAGE
(A burlesque literary advertisement)
BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(An apology. One of the daily newspapers recently referred to me as the writer of the most literary advertisements. Suppose I succumbed to fiction instead of suggesting fact? What would be the result? Here is a terrible example of an attempted "best seller" of trousers.)

Oxford, Oxford! My God, my God, my Youth!
And now selling trousers. My God, my Youth! My God, my trousers.
Mysterious world! Wonderful world! A world gyrating by strange, amazing circumstance! Extraordinary world. Full of poetry! Full of farce! Full of tragedy! Full of trousers!
A world ruled by trousers—or people in them, of either sex.
Wonderful trousers! Mysterious trousers! Enthralling trousers! My God!
Absorbing trousers! I wonder?
Fay fawns on them. Rosemary adores them. Gladys glorifies them. But does Bill like 'em? My God, I wonder? My God, I hope so!
Strike on!
This bondage of Bond Street! This eternal bifurcation of thought. These perpetual puffs! This unutterable bilge! My God, Oxford! And my God, Cambridge, too!
Mysterious Bond Street! Clever, natty Bond Street! Yet still enormously autocratic Bond Street! Astounding Bond Street!
Strike on! Strike anywhere. But certainly not in Bond Street.
Strangely proud Bond Street! No mice or mumps about it, no rats or rheumatism. Only ink and Income Tax. Ferocious ink, terrific Income Tax. Bitter and infuriated ink, swollen and outragcous Income Tax. My God, my Youth! My God, my dotage!

* * * * * *

This slight excursion into the realms of literary dementia is merely an excuse for my personal laziness. It would be splendid if I could permit myself to cultivate a style of free and frantic incoherence, for in a few days I could turn out sufficient "copy" to last a decade and then proceed to lead a life of vicious ease. But this freedom, I fear, is not for me, so I must rest content with taking an occasional liberty. Strike off!

* * * * *

Apropos of nothing above, but merely to introduce the fact as the antidote to the fiction, the garments produced by Pope and Bradley are unquestionable in style, even if my literary lingerie is not. And the prices are not iniquitous. No one can say, "At a great sum obtained I these trousers." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
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THE CAR OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION

1923 PRICES

Simultaneously with the opening of the Paris Automobile Salon, 4th October, 1922—which marks the real commencement of the 1923 Automobile Year—Fiat announces its 1923 models.

Whilst unable to make such sweeping reductions as in 1921, intelligent anticipation of a greatly increased output and reductions in cost of material and labour, enables the following prices to be fixed.

WARNING

Only by purchasing from us or through an authorised Fiat dealer is it possible to secure the full Fiat guarantee and efficient service system.

The public is warned not to purchase a Fiat car without this guarantee.

Fiat are justly proud of every motor vehicle, private or commercial, which bears their name—a name which has always stood for consistent high workmanship and material.

The Fiat Factory in Italy is the largest, most modern and best equipped automobile factory in Europe.

By the scientific selection and preparation of materials, the installation of the most efficient plant it is possible to command, and the adoption of economic production principles, Fiat products maintain their world-wide reputation for soundness and reliability. Fiat, during the last twenty years, have specialised in road-racing, the real reliability test.

In 1922 FIAT WON the three premier events:

The French Grand Prix
The Italian Grand Prix
The Italian Grand Prix (Light Cars).

Such a feat has never before been accomplished in automobilehistory, the engines of the winning cars differing little in size from the renowned 10/15.

The international character of the Fiat business is indicated by the fact that there are over 700 Branches and DistributingAgencies throughout the world.

	Old Price £	New Price £
10/15 H.P. Chassis	~~410~~	365
10/15 H.P. Torpedo	~~550~~	495
15/20 Chassis	~~550~~	510
15/20 H.P. Torpedo	~~800~~	710
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Chassis	~~700~~	630
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Chassis, Sports	~~745~~	670
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Torpedo	~~980~~	850

DE LUXE MODELS

New Prices	
10/15 H.P. Saloon	615
10/15 H.P. ¾ Coupe	700
15/20 H.P. Coupe Limousine or Landaulet	925
20/30 H.P. Limousine, Landaulet	1,100
20/30 H.P. Sports Torpedo	910

The above prices include Fiat Electric Starter, Lighting Set and Lamps, four "Michelin" Tyres, one Spare Wheel and Kit of Tools.

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Particulars of the full range of Fiat Commercial Vehicles from 1 ton to 5 tons will be furnished on application.

The famous Fiat F2 1-ton Chassis, complete with 6 "Michelin" tyres, is reduced in price from £440 to **£390.**

OLYMPIA STAND No. 258.

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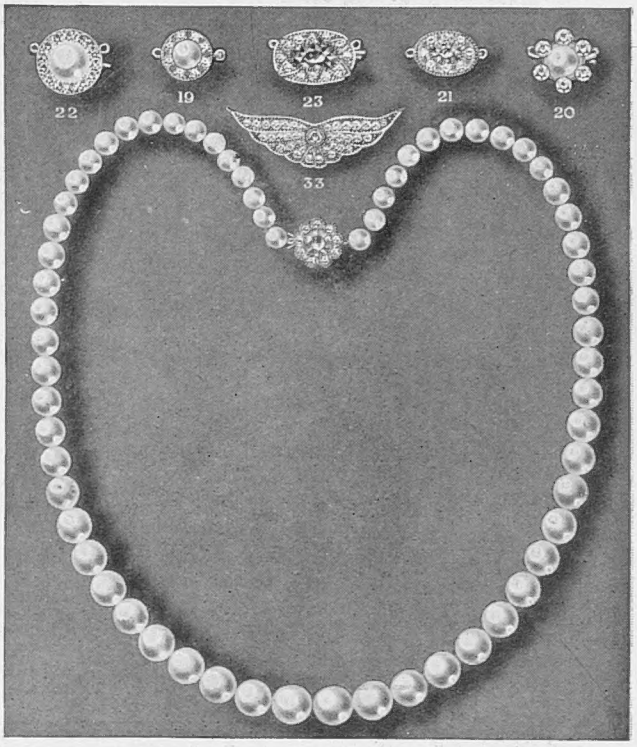
Ranee INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM REAL PEARLS



Ranee Pearls Costing 3 Gns expertly valued at £1,200!

No more convincing proof of Ranee's resemblance to the costliest Oriental Pearls could be provided than by this unsolicited testimonial, the original of which is on Harrods' file. 'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent post free

Messrs. Harrods *19th July, 1922*
London SW1

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I bought a 'Ranee' Pearl Necklace from you. I had it valued out of curiosity, and the valuation was £1,200. I feel I ought to tell you this . . . .

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS

with paste clasp; ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' QUALITY		SUPER QUALITY	
Length 16 inches	**3 Gns**	Length 16 inches	**4 Gns**
,, 24 inches	**5 Gns**	,, 24 inches	**7 Gns**
,, 30 inches	**7 Gns**	,, 30 inches	**10 Gns**

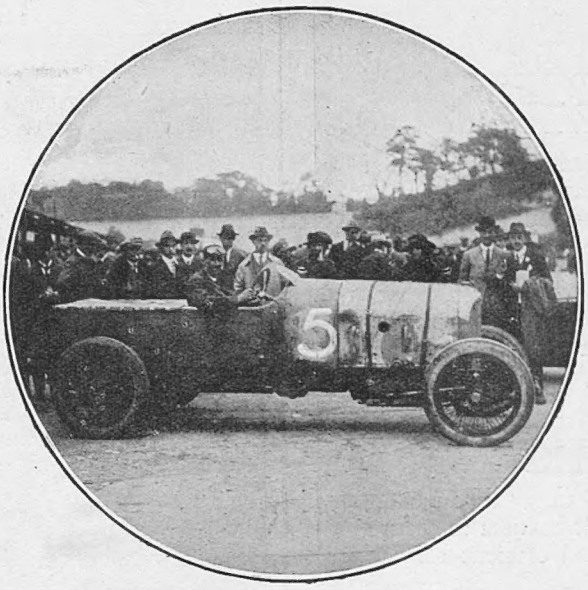
Clasp No. 19 - **5/6** *Clasp No. 21* - **12/6** *Clasp No. 23* - **42/-**
Clasp No. 20 - **10/6** *Clasp No. 22* - **21/-** *Clasp No. 33* - **25/-**

'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

painted in sombre shades as if Paris were still mourning for her heroes, though, on the other hand, the large number of sporting four-seaters with mahogany boat-shaped bodies, gave evidence that gaiety in the form of speed still held them strongly. The new 20 h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, with overhead valve "push rod" engine, was giving trial runs, though not staged on this stand. Delage, both great and small chassis, retained their front wheel brakes and usual features. A new six-cylinder 65 mm. by 100 mm. Ansaldo, with four wheel brakes, central change gear control, and a transmission brake as well, also had overhead valves. Daimlers showed two handsome carriages, a limousine and a half landaulette. Ballot enticed customers with an all-weather *coupé de ville*, like a single brougham, yet its extension covered all four seats or left them open to the air at will, in a delicate grey shade. Mathis retained its brake lever on the right hand of the driver, yet gave central gear lever, while the new 10-15 h.p. Peugeot with front wheel brakes was shown with left-hand drive and central controls. F. N. touring car had its back seats with dividing arms on the 12 h.p., and very comfortable it was for the passengers. A Citroën *coupé de ville* made one wonder the need for a larger car, though this had a left-hand drive. In fact, the U.S.A. methods have strongly permeated the French manufacturer, as battery ignition has been adopted by several makers in their new chassis, left-hand steering, and central controls.



THE BENTLEY RECORD BREAKER

Captain Duff's Bentley, which he drove for twenty-four hours in two periods of twelve hours each, covering a distance of 2,082 miles, breaking all previous records by nearly 100 miles

CARS under 10 h.p. were staged in the annexe across the river Seine, where four-cylinder water-cooled tiny motors were in the majority to either air-cooled or water-cooled two-cylinder cycle-cars. Mathis, Citroën, Peugeot, Salmson, Charron, Seneschall, and Renault all exhibited miniature cars in this building, where also the three-wheeled Morgan represented England's cycle-cars.

* * *

CAPTAIN DUFF achieved renewed fame by his "double-twelve" record of 2,082 miles on the three-litre Bentley the other week at Brooklands, and it says well for Bentley that the only forced stops, apart from petrol and oil replenishments were the dropping of a choke tube and a burst tyre. His top speed was over 93 m.p.h., and his average running speed beat all previous records by eight miles or so. Congratulation—Bentley and Duff! OLD HY.

Tyre Prices Down

Reductions in the prices of Dunlop tyres, on which many records have been made, and which are still foremost in the market, came into force on October 2, 1922.

Olympia Stand 273

The SIX-CYLINDER
World Renowned Car-de-Luxe
Export Price in PARIS, Chassis Frs. 39,600

The "GRAND SPORT"
The Right Car for High-Speed Touring
Export Price in PARIS, Chassis Frs. 43,200

The 11-H.P.
Ideal Light Car
Export Price in PARIS, Chassis .. .. Frs. 20,400

WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKING SYSTEM

The effectiveness of which is such that the life of tyres is doubled by virtue of the braking strain being equally shared by all four tyres. This braking system is essential to secure the maximum efficiency and economy.

In 1919 DELAGE & CO. adopted the Four-Wheel Braking System for their Six-Cylinder Car. Since then they have fitted Four Wheel Brakes to all DELAGE Models, being the first firm in the world to do so.

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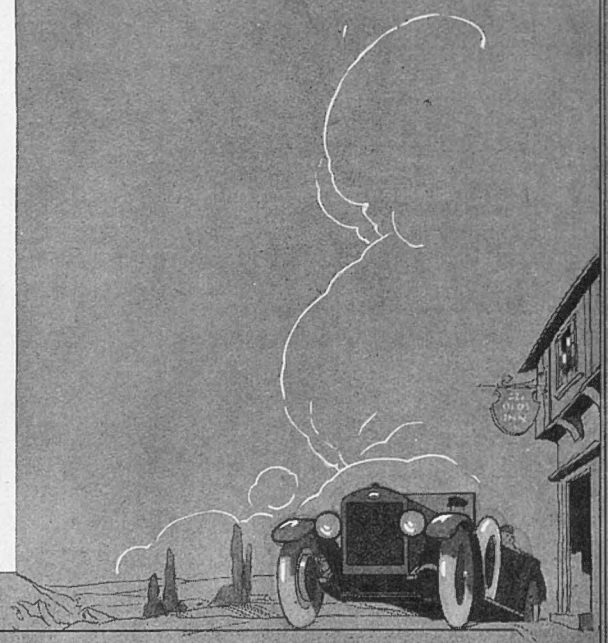
Agent in LONDON: The London and Parisian Motor Co. Ltd.—87 Davies Street; MANCHESTER: Central Motor Agency—243 Deansgate; WIGAN: H. H. Timberlake—28 King Street; GRIMSBY: Lovelace (J.C.)—Wintringham Road; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Clwthorn Ltd.—College Avenue; SWINDON: Skurray's.

Besides these chassis which can be delivered quickly, DELAGE & CO. have always in stock, ready for the road, Complete Cars of each of these Models.

DELAGE



DELAGE *140, Champs-Elysées PARIS.*

The "THREE CASTLES" Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER—

Dreamer but man of action too, restless as the seas he searched for passages unknown. Valiant servant of his Queen and withal a First-class Fighting Man.

You may search the world and find no better cigarette than the "Three Castles"—therein Virginia Tobacco, at its best, claims a preference over Turkish or any other kind. To him who smokes many (or to him who smokes few) none other serves his taste so well.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES"

W. M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

W. D. & H. O. WILLS Bristol & London England.

T.C.39

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

Where Editors Agree

On some subjects, of course, editors of leading journals hold widely divergent views, but after examining the claims of

Ciro Pearls

to be the one perfect facsimile of the Oriental deep-sea pearl they agree unanimously. Read what some of them write:

TRUTH: Ciro Pearls are marvellous reproductions of the Oriental.

SKETCH: A test alone distinguishes Ciro Pearls from gems costing hundreds to thousands of pounds.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: Ciro Pearls are beautiful, equalling in lustre, shape and colour the finest natural gems.

LADIES' FIELD: Ciro Pearls are quite indistinguishable from genuine pearls.

TATLER: Wonderfully realistic duplicates of true Oriental pearls.

SPHERE: Ciro Pearls are marvellous reproductions of the Oriental.

COMING FASHIONS: Seen side by side with the most costly gems, Ciro Pearls are absolutely undetectable.

BYSTANDER: Exquisite colour, texture and form; faithful replicas: true to type.

EVE: Ciro Pearls are as beautiful as the Oriental.

LONDON MAIL: It is an extravagance to indulge in real pearls when Ciro Pearls are obtainable.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet, No. 7, sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

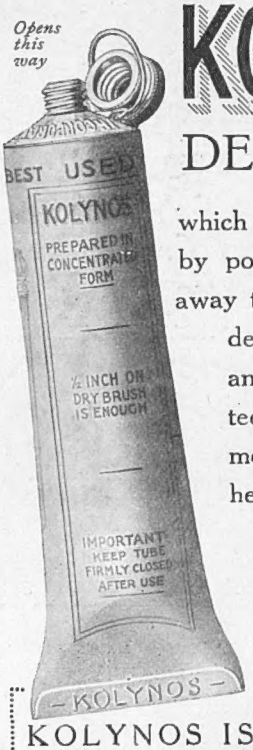
IMPORTANT NOTICE
Ciro Pearls cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces.

You've been using Grit!

In your anxiety to obtain white teeth at any cost,
you have scratched and damaged the precious enamel, which, when properly cleaned, is Nature's own defence against the ravages of time and decay.

Stop it Now

before the enamel is worn through and decay sets in. Use



KOLYNOS IS BEST USED ON A DRY BRUSH

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

which will properly clean the teeth by polishing, and will also wash away the clinging film which *assists* decay. Kolynos used night and morning will keep your teeth naturally white, and your mouth and gums in a perfectly healthy condition. White teeth and a clean mouth are the results of the regular use of Kolynos Dental Cream.

KOLYNOS IS MADE IN ENGLAND

Send for a sample of Kolynos To-day.

Messrs. KOLYNOS INCORPORATED, CHENIES STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Please send me a Free Sample Tube of Kolynos.
Name.....
Address.....
B. 18/10/22
½d. Stamp on an open envelope.